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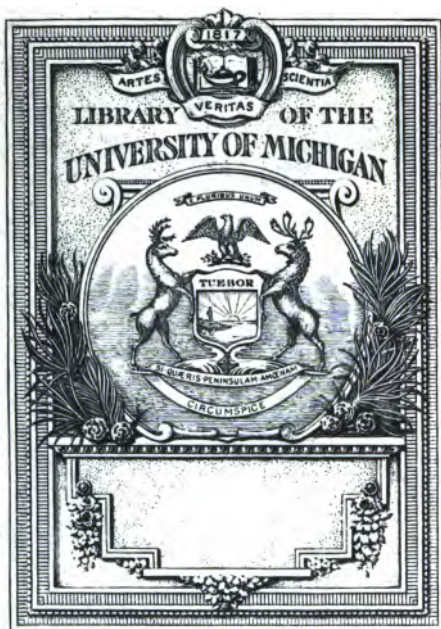
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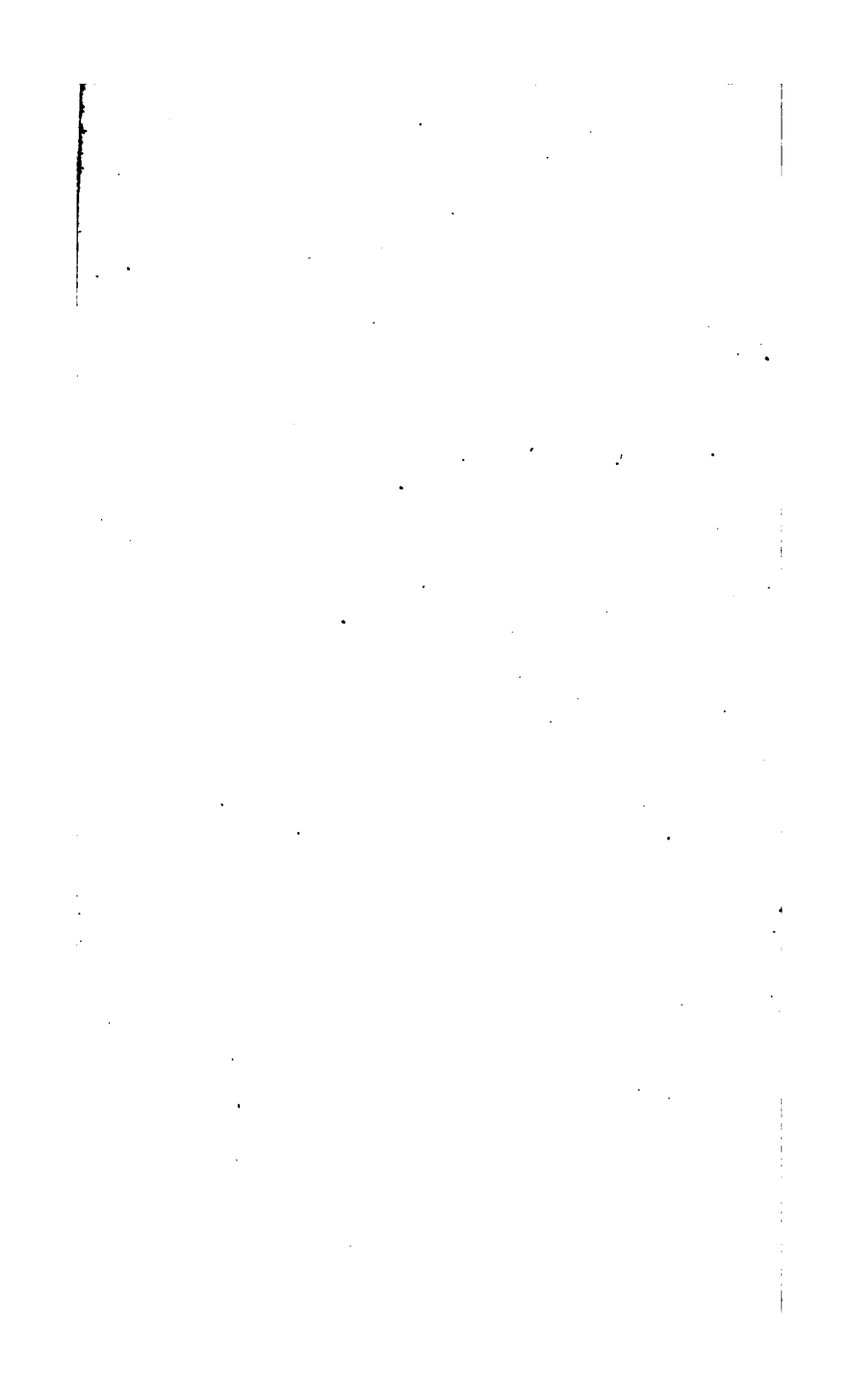
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AN E C D O T E S
OF THE
DELBOROUGH FAMILY.

A NOVEL.

IN FIVE VOLUMES.

VOL. V.

BY (MRS.) GUNNING, *Susannah*
(Mirrifie)

L O N D O N :
PRINTED FOR WILLIAM LANE,
AT THE
Spinney Press,
LEADENHALL-STREET,

M D C C X C I I .

11

English
Allen
11-12-4-5
53572

ANECDOTES
OF THE
DELBOROUGH FAMILY.

CHAP. LII.

LADY Selina, as soon as she got home, enquired if her father was gone to bed, and was surprised at being told his Grace was up, and had three gentlemen still with him, who had all supped there: and who are they, said she to the servant, who gave her the information?

VOL. V.

B

He

He named Sir Arthur White and Mr. Anthony Pearce ; but did not know the third, only said, he heard Sir Arthur call him Counsellor.

Nobody's curiosity could be more insatiable than Lady Selina's. She had, no doubt, but this meeting was on her brother's affairs, and entertained some suspicions, that it was possible, the place of his residence might have been found out, or that he himself might have discovered it, might have even retracted from his stubborn resolves, and have at last consented to become the husband of Miss Palmerston. She stood on no ceremony with the Duke, and would have passed instantly into his Grace's apartment, to have picked up what intelligence she could from the little party assembled there together, if a still stronger and more selfish motive had not combated her desire to enter into their secrets, by reminding her, that whatever

5 regarded

regarded the Marquis was but a secondary consideration to the profound attention due to the situation of her own immediate concerns, and yielding to the calls of her interest rather than to the gratification of her curiosity, she turned back from the door of the anti-room, and proceeded to her chamber, not with the sluggish design of going to bed, but to brood over her busy ideas, fully alive to all the powers of invention.

“Is not my cousin Emely a perfect divinity?” These words were whispered to her Ladyship by Lord Haverville as he led her to her chair, and her answer had been, “Call on me to-morrow morning before two, and I will tell you my opinion.”

It was not intirely owing to the Viscount's parting expression by which she gained certain information, that in disputing

the prize of his hand she should have more than one rival to contend with, a thousand other observations had confirmed the opinion, and exhilarated her spirits to a degree which can scarcely be understood by a genius, less illustrious, or less intrepid, than her own.

"Is not my cousin a perfect divinity?" repeated her Ladyship, as soon as she reached her *sanctum sanctorum*, had seated herself before a mirror, and sent away the officious priestesses of her toilet. Oh! mighty like a divinity, to be sure! But before I have done with you, my pretty Viscount, I will make you confess, that one spirited girl of quality is equal to a whole army of your divinity Misses. Well, I never desire to be an angel, treading the skies, and decorating one's self with sun beams. I am infinitely better pleased with the advantages of mortal rank, skipping over soft carpets, and blazing in jewels. After all, have I not quite as
good

-good a claim to 'divine honours as either Emely or Louisa? Undoubtedly (and she threw her eyes on the glass) it was an impertinent observation, and you shall repent it, my Lord, before our honey-moon is set.

This short soliloquy may serve to explain to our readers, that Lady Selina had already made up her mind, and was come to a decided resolution to form a tender union with the heir of Lord Delborough; we rather give it the name of tender than indissoluble; irony will sanction the former, but every day brings with it some example or other to totally invalidate the latter. Her Ladyship was aware there was much ground to go over, and many difficulties to be surmounted in the course of her pursuit; but those she considered as only additional motives to exert ardour, and give fresh vigour to the chase, which had for its object no less than the five

following favourite gratifications—a husband for herself, the torments of envy, for Lady Margaret Devero, the humiliation of a willow for one forsaken maid, to rob a second of conquest, and to complete, after a particular mode of her own, the felicity of Lord Haverville.

How to accomplish so grand a design was not, even to her Ladyship's fertile imagination, a matter so easy as numbers, with similar dispositions, and equally ready for a like important undertaking, may at first suppose. We shall not say how many plans her wisdom raised, how often her prudence tumbled them down, what long hours her fair eyes refused to close upon the scenes of her meditation, nor count the number of times she turned from one side of her bed to the other, before the whole system was arranged to her intire satisfaction; it was at last fixed, that she should not carry on her machinations by storm,

storm, but rather swindle the Viscount from his family, and cheat him out of himself. These resolutions invariably formed, she touched the repeater that hung at the head of her bed; it sounded three quarters after five. For the last time she turned upon her pillow, fell asleep, and awaked strengthened for the combat by noon the next day.

When Lady Selina came down stairs, she found the Duke had already breakfasted, and was then preparing to go out. She saw him stuffing his pockets with papers and parchments, and asked him, with a smile, if she should not fill him out a dish of tea?

He said no, that he was in great haste, being already beyond the time he had appointed to meet two of his good friends, with whom he should take a ride into the country, and, perhaps, might not come back till the next evening.

B 4

Surely,

Surely, my dear papa, you are not going to ride, and she opened her eyes with a wide stare of surprise !

And why not ? replied his Grace. Do you think I have forgot my horsemanship ? If you have any more doubts about the matter look at my boots, and he held out one of his legs with an air of youth and jocularly.

Lord ! I am quite astonished ! Why, papa, you have not ventured to ride these twelve years ; I am terribly afraid some accident may happen to you. Now, pray tell me who are going with you.

Sober, discreet, prudent, men, my dear, like myself. We shall neither race or gallop, so let me hear no more of your foolish prognostications.

- I'll lay my life, papa, Sir Arthur and Mr. Peatee are your companions; that you are going to Mifort Abbey; that George is grown mighty good; that Miss Palmerston will get a husband at last, you another daughter, and I a new sister. I am convinced it must be so, you look so young, so happy, and so merry, that if you do not confess George is soon to be married, I shall, my dear, dear papa, almost think you are going to present us with a mother-in-law.

Nothing could be further removed from the serious apprehensions of her Ladyship, than that such a circumstance was within the chapter of possibilities; but she knew how to play about her father, and hoped to cozen a secret from him, which she saw he was not willing to divulge; however, she for once missed her aim. His Grace was confused, not to say agitated, and, bidding her ask no more questions, shuffled out of

the room, to conceal himself from her further observation, and meet his friends, Sir Arthur White and Mr. Anthony Pearce, who were by agreement that very morning to conduct the superannuated lover to the feet of his automaton mistress, on which occasion, the air being remarkably mild, and the weather unseasonably warm, his Grace calculated, that, though an equestrian entrée might not exactly suit his age, it would, at least, be perfectly adapted to his youthful pretensions, and the only caution his prudence suggested as necessary, was, that his travelling carriage should follow at a small distance, of which the Duke took possession as soon as he had got off the stones, and did not mount again till within half a mile of Mitfort Abbey.

CHAP.

C H A P. LIII.

LADY Selina sat in high expectation of the Viscount, for he had said "he would come;" the porter had orders to let in no other visitor; but that favoured one, did not make his appearance. For the first ten minutes after two, which was the hour appointed, she was only surprised that he was not more punctual; another ten added resentment to surprise, and the vile negligence of the present set of young men was rude, abominable, detestable; but, when a clear half hour had elapsed,

her patience was quite exhausted. I will go, said she, in a rage, to his *divine* cousin, there I shall find him; if I am not to be his confidant, I will be his torment; and she actually rang the bell to order her chair; but three gentleman-like raps at the door changed the disposition of things; he is come, she cry'd; her face reassumed its usual smile of complacency; her good humour was restored, and her mind prepared to give his Lordship a gracious reception, when a servant entered, who instead of announcing Lord Haverville, delivered the visiting ticket of Lord Marsham. She threw it on the table with an air of angry disgust, and again ordered her chair to be instantly got ready, but before he had reached the door, it was countermanded on a second notice, more productive than the former.

Fragrant and white as a narcissus, straight and tall as a stick of blanched celery, and

more alive to delicate sensations than the sensitive plant, the pretty Viscount at once made his appearance, and his apologies, which being both highly acceptable, were most graciously received. His Lordship, who was not remarkable for possessing extraordinary gifts of penetration, when satisfied with the effects, seldom gave himself the trouble to enquire by what causes they were produced, so that he was a hundred fathoms deep in the well Lady Geraldine had contrived to entrap him, without perceiving he had made a false step.

She was aware, that where the motive is merely meant on the score of compliment, a morning visit from a man of fashion, could not extend to the time necessary for the completion of her views on Lord Haverrille; she had therefore prepared such a delicious banquet for his passions, as she was quite convinced he would not be able to tear himself from abruptly, or even attempt

tempt to leave her, 'till she thought proper to dismiss him. The first course of this exquisite repast, consisted of his own praises, in which all his fine talents, particularly his taste for music and poetry, the extreme sensibility of his mind, and the delicacy of his discernment, were blended together with so much art and address, as could not fail of being palatable to an *amateur* and a lover. The confidence with which he began to open himself to his kind entertainer, was much increased by the *bon bouch* of seeing his cousins attractions next served up, even more skilfully dressed, and more flavoured than his own, with the spices of refined flattery.

Was it possible for man to hear unmoved, that the present object of his burning adoration and frenzical passion, was all angel without, all divinity within; to hear it pronounced, and from the lips of a beautiful woman, that Miss Fairfax was the paragon

paragon of her sex, and to hear those very lips add, oh ! how happy will be the favoured object of her choice ! if such a man there is, who could hear all this, and hear it with coolness, it was not the Viscount ; he rose from his chair, walked about the room in agony, seemed smothered by his feelings, returned to his seat, begged Lady Selina's pardon ; his was a case of unparalleled difficulties, unprecedented embarrassments, and he ended his dolorious rhapsody, by entreating her compassion, confidence and advice !

Her Ladyship listened with ineffable complacency, and after a moment's consideration, she said, I do not know that I am wise, in owning that I am already in possession of your secret, but it is my humour to be candid, and I will therefore confess, that ever since I met you yesterday morning at Mrs. Edwin's, I have more than suspected the situation of your heart ;

nay,

may, my Lord, who can see you in company with Miss Fairfax, and not find it out, but I am so much your friend, as to begin with advising you to be more cautious in future.

You are right, perfectly right; cry'd he, I have been much, much too unguarded; I see it, I see it, my father certainly suspects something of the matter; I should have been with your Ladyship an hour sooner, but he closetted me, and entangled me in a thousand questions, of which I can now perceive the whole drift.

Come, my good Lord, let you and I talk coolly and reasonably together; you cannot doubt my wish to be your friend, when I assure you I have passed a sleepless night in thinking, by what means it may be possible to make two out of three happy, and this I fear is not to be effected, but by your union with your enchanting
cousin,

coffin, who, it is evidently clear to my understanding, is quite as partial to your Lordship, as you are to her. Her Ladyship's error, though of some magnitude, was swallowed by the Viscount with more than avidity, and she continued,

Am I right or am I wrong? You have asked my confidence; I accept it as a pledge of future friendship; Emily and you are equally the objects of my regard, yet I would rather you should reconcile your wishes to your duty, and if it is in your power, my dear Lord, pray, pray receive from the hand of your father, the wife he has provided for you; some difficulties may arise, but small ones should be surmounted; Louisa is not Emily, but she is passable (the word passable was uttered with a significance of expression, beyond the powers of repetition to do it justice) and if it were in the nature of things, that you could condescend to turn to such a piece
of

of still life as Miss Beverly, whilst angel animation beckoned another way, much trouble, some remorse perhaps, and many family dissensions may yet be prevented.

She paused to discover, by his reply, how much farther she might safely venture to proceed, and finding it fraught with love and Emely, without a tincture of resentment for the slighting terms in which she had mentioned Louisa, the topic was renewed by her Ladyship with all the figurative advantages that could be derived from speech, action and energy.

Forgive me, Lord Haverville, but plain speaking has been always my fault, this humour of mine has withstood all the efforts of fashion, and preserved its shape amidst its greatest enemies, which are undoubtedly a polished education and polite circles; it is to this sentiment you owe my acceptance of your confidence, and that I am inclined to return

turn it with my own, and it now prompts me to tell you, that I have heard you blamed for forming serious attachments, nearly for the pleasure of breaking them. His Lordship looked rather silly, and was going to say something in his own defence, when she put an end both to his intention and his speech, by assuring him, with the sweetest smile in the world, that she herself was not amongst the number of his accusers; on the contrary, I declare, upon my honor, I think your sex have a right to change your inclinations as often as you please; you see one, to day you fancy her charming; a week, a month, a year, your passions mislead, or rather it is we that mislead you; for as we are now to unite ourselves in the bands of friendship, I will own to you, that of all deceitful beings, woman is the most deceitful.

There must be one exception to the general rule, said the Viscount, and kissed her hand with fervor.

Pish!

Pish! cry'd she, withdrawing her hand, but with an emotion of delight, which, with all her infinite stock of address, she could hardly contain, how can you be so provoking! I tell you all women are deceivers, and I am at this very moment deceiving you; did I not just now persuade you to marry Miss Beverly, and yet, if you had followed my advice, I should have thought you distracted.

But my dear Lady Selina, am I not to believe you was sincere in your encomiums on my divine cousin, and that you wish me success in that quarter?

I banish you my presence for ever, replied she, if you presume but once to doubt my friendship for Emily, or my fidelity to you; I have no wish so near my heart, as to witness the union of its two dearest friends; my disposition is too much like your own, too warm, too sanguine, too ardent,

ardent, to wait the dull formalities of time, in my choice of a friend; friendship is, like love, and with me must, be, at first, sight, or not at all.

And will your Ladyship condescend to be my advocate with the beloved object,

Conditionally, my Lord; you may absolutely command my services in any form you can make them useful, and my conditions are, that you shall disguise your new passion, not only from Lord Delborough's further inspection, but from Emily herself; from Miss Beverly, her simple brother-in-law, and her prude of a sister; leave the rest to me, I shall often call in Grafton-Street, and sometimes make up your family party in St. James's-Square; but these reconnoitering expeditions must not prevent you from coming to me every morning before I go out, that we may settle the business of the day, and when matters are

in

in my poor judgment, ripe for execution, your happiness shall meet with no repelling delays on my part.

Lord Haverville was so compleatly duped by all these, and a thousand other fine promises, that before they parted, he was quite as much the slave of Lady Selina's artifice, as of his own ungovernable inclinations. He agreed to her proposals with a violence of gratitude, that almost seemed to overwhelm, and bear down all the other feelings of his very susceptible disposition; in short, the bird was fairly caught, and her Ladyship drew the net so cautiously over her prize, that he still fancied himself at liberty; did not discover that his wings were clipped, or that she held the string, to whose check he must now patiently submit; he chirp'd round her in the fool's paradise, to which she had transported him, and peck'd from her fair hand the fatal chaff that ensnared him.

After

After this first interview, his Lordship's morning visits were renewed daily, at Angrave House, and as they increased in number, the confidential conferences became longer and longer, 'till at last, neither the Viscount, or Lady Selina, found themselves quite comfortable when separated; for if they were not absolutely necessary to the felicity, it is certain they were to the designs of each other, which brought them exactly to the same point where adventures of this kind generally terminate.

From the commencement to the conclusion of these private interviews, there was no change in her Ladyship's system of proceeding, or any addition to her first motives for wishing to draw off the attention of Lord Haverville from all other women, and fixing them on herself; but various were the alterations, and many the changes the Viscount's fluttering heart had

had experienced in the fascinating school of confidential friendship; for whilst he thought the praises of one mistress was alone intoxicating to his senses, he was giving way to a still newer inclination, and at the same moment that he dwelt delighted on the theme of her oratory, he insensibly paid homage to the successful oratrix, in whom he never failed to discover some perfection, charm, or singular beauty, which he had before overlooked, and then would wonder at his own blindness.

CHAP. LIV.

LADY Selina Dangle was a frequent visitor in Grafton-Street, and St. James's-Square; unperceived, she governed the motions of both houses, but played her deep stake so pleasantly for the losers, that not one of the party suspected there was either chicanery or finesse in the game.

As far as professions could go, her Ladyship was the avowed and everlasting friend of both, Miss Fairfax and Miss Beverly;



DELBOROUGH FAMILY.

the former might obstruct her views on the Viscount, but as these views extended only to the possession of a prudent establishment, she merely regarded her as a troublesome sort of girl, who she had already planned how to get rid of whenever it suited her convenience; but with the latter the case was far different, and the sentiments she entertained for Miss Beverly, wore quite another complexion; this volatile young Lady of quality, before she supposed him a disinherited man, and no better than a soldier of fortune, had permitted herself to imagine the predilection she felt for Colonel Fairfax, was perfectly arcadian, and even when she relinquished her project of making him a husband, truth forces us to add, she felt no reluctance at the idea of admitting him to her presence, under the less authorative appellation of a *cicisbeo*.

Now

Now it so happened that Col. Fairfax, who really was a man of honor, acting as all men of honour would or should have done in his situation, diligently confined to his own beating bosom, the secret of his unfortunate attachment to the affianced wife of his noble relation; it was the first serious passion in which his heart had ever been engaged; but notwithstanding the locks, bolts and bars with which he guarded his lips, it had some how or other found a passage through his eyes, so far at least, as to make itself visible to the eagle eye of penetrating jealousy. Though Louisa was in no other shape, except being too good, too amiable, too handsome, accessory to the torments Lady Selina felt on making a discovery, so little to the advantage of her own powers of captivation; nothing could equal the strength of her resentment, but the warmth of her advances to become the friend and confident of her unconscious rival; she questioned her about Lord

Haverville; was he really the object of her choice? how long had she known him? where did she meet with him? was it love at first sight, or a sober discreet affair, made up by sober discreet friends, for the sober purpose of uniting two dirty estates in one? Louisa would laugh at her interrogations, and reply to them in such a manner, as flattered her hopes; that in withdrawing the Viscount from his fealty, she should give a shock to her sweetly composed state of happiness.

In all Lady Selina's examinations, and cross examinations of Miss Beverly, she could not find out a concealed thought in her innocent heart, that seemed to harbour an idea of Colonel Fairfax; she would talk of him, or with him; hear his good qualities spoken of by others, or announce them herself; and all this she could do without hesitation, without blushing, without reserve; the wise say these are not symptoms

symptoms of love, and Louisa was acquitted by Lady Selina. But when I take her pretty Viscount, says she, in a mental soliloque, and leave her at liberty, may she not be less insensible to the Colonel? I must make her believe his affections are my own, and when she is sufficiently mortified by my marriage with the other, her friends of course, to drive away spleen, will whirl her out of town; thus I shall get rid of her, and the dear Colonel will never have a chance of seeing her again. The plan was no sooner formed than executed; she invented the prettiest tale imaginable, and Miss Beverly believed the evidence of her pathetic words, and more pathetic tears, that the tenderest attachment did exist between them, which she should, by the interposition of her father's authority, be obliged to sacrifice to his ungovernable avarice, a secret she would not, for worlds, repose in any bosom but that of her sympathetic Louisa.

Acting under the influence of her Ladyship's unerring judgment, Lord Haver-ville, by her direction, seemed to recover from his sluggish inactivity; his language was again impassioned, and his attentions unremitting; he wrote verses on Miss Beverly; complained of the tedious delays to his happiness; cursed the lawyers for their tardiness, and never looked towards his lovely cousin, but when he was sure nobody saw him. Lady Selina's behaviour to the Colonel, was also as agreeably reversed; the very few distinctions he was inclined to shew her, she not only graciously received, but met them with avidity, and was effectually restored to the good graces of Lord Delborough. Thus through the channel of a little deception, smoothly rolled the tide of good humour in St. James's-Square, where the party assembled themselves together every day, 'till Lady Dorothy's remains were deposited, and 'till the young ladies were presented at St. James's

James's. What afterwards happened to increase or diminish their harmony, will be the subject of our future pages; we shall only add to the length of this chapter, that Lady Selina, at the present period, had sung, played, languished, and ogled herself into almost a fair division of the Viscount's affections; that the Duke of Angrave had not as yet promulgated to his family, that he thought himself *marriageable*, being perhaps afraid they might not yet think he was arrived at the years of *discretion*; that his Grace was a constant resident at Mitfort Abbey, and that he never came to town, except it was to hurry the lawyers,

C H A P. LV.

EVERY branch of the Delborough family, which were numerous and of high rank, had, previous to the presentation, received from the Earl an introduction to his newly acknowledged nephew and niece : They had also paid their compliments to his daughter elect, and attended in their suit when they went to the drawing-room. Lady Selina was present, but not of the family party, yet she contrived to stand near them. Lady Margaret Devero too was there, and observing that Mrs.

Edwin

Edwin did not make the worst figure in the circle, she condescended to honour her with a smiling courtesy. Miss Beverly wore slight mourning. Miss Fairfax was as deep as for a mother, which made Lady Selina say to her in a whisper, Lord! my dear, why would you wear black gloves, when your old aunt did not leave you the necessary legacy? At the time this was said, Emily's whole attention was directed to an object on the opposite side, so that she neither heard or answered the impertinent enquiry. Her Ladyship's eyes immediately followed the direction to which hers gave the lead; but not like Emily, did she feel pleasure or gratification in fixing them on a very young woman, dressed *en bride*, whose imminent pretensions to beauty was far from being a letter of recommendation to Lady Selina's good word, or good offices; and she said, peevishly, what are you looking at, Miss Fairfax? The bride is well enough, and may have gained

a husband by her charms ; but what is that to you or to me ? Why should you be deaf, dumb, insensible, and all but blind ? Remember you have six other senses besides sight, and pray do not swallow them all up in one.

Emely, who, with genuine delight, was examining the most lovely countenance in the world, imagined her gay friend meant to reprove the earnestness of her inspection. She felt the check, recalled her attention, and blushed at the idea of having indulged her admiration beyond the limits of fashionable prescription. She was surprised that every other eye, as well as her own, had not been equally attracted to the same point of view, and what will sound rather incredible, she really did not observe, that herself and Miss Beverly had divided between them the favourable critic of the whole male circle.

At

At her request Lord Haverville enquired amongst his acquaintance who the Lady was that had engaged so much of her attention? He soon came back with the information that her father was a doctor of divinity, his name Pladlow, that she had married Mr. Ashford, the eldest son of Lord Danzey, and that this was her first bridal appearance. Lady Selina happened to have moved from her situation near Emely, when the Viscount brought her this intelligence. Had it reached her Ladyship, she, probably, on hearing the names of Pladlow and Ashford, would immediately have entered on her brother's history, which she had hitherto neglected to entertain Emely with, owing to the multiplicity and complication of her Ladyship's own private affairs.

Their Majesties and the Royal Family now entered, and the drawing-room commenced. Miss Fairfax was first presented,

and after her Miss Beverly, the Dowager Duchess of —, as the Earl's nearest relation announced them, the charms of their persons, and elegance of their movements, acquired new graces from a timidity natural to them, but rather heightened on the occasion, yet not allied to affectation, or amounting to absolute bashfulness.

A gentleman, who had stood near, and observed the presentation, as soon as the King and Queen were passed on, said to Emely, I feel for you, Miss Fairfax, and for all young Ladies in your situation; it is a tremendous ceremony! She knew the rank of the person who made the observation, and modestly replied, I am persuaded, Sir, it is my awkwardness that has gained for me the honour of your pity.

No, really, returned he, I never saw any Lady acquit herself with half the grace you
 6 did;

did; but confess now, is there not something rather awful in the face of Majesty?

There is something, Sir, said she, in the faces of their Majesties that informs me, if I am unhappy they will compassionate me, and that if I am oppressed they will redress me. The gentleman bowed, laid his hand on his breast, and looked an approving assent.

This day of their public introduction was a day of trial to the ever varying, ever restless Viscount—Louis had never shone to greater advantage. He gazed at her sweet intelligent countenance, and was half persuaded to be constant; but his cousin, his divine cousin! It was impossible! He almost fainted under the weight of his raptures! He must speak, or die! He must give utterance to his love, or it would burst his bosom! He conveys himself to Angrave-house. Lady Selina sings to him, plays

plays to him, smiles upon him, flatters, cajoles him, and he is comforted. He intreats her permission to declare, under the seal of secrecy, a little of his passion to Emely herself; she might otherwise bestow her heart on a rival. Rivals he must expect. He saw plainly how it would be. She had created many to his certain knowledge that morning; not a man in the circle but was fascinated. He had been tormented to death with questions, and not the least chance remained for him, unless he might venture to assure her of her power over his affections, that nothing should obstruct his pretensions, and that he would find the means to dissolve his other engagement without offending his father or Miss Beverly, if she would but grant him time, and promise to wait for him. He concluded his vehement rhapsody in these words: "In the name of mercy, do not tell me I shall act like a mad man!"

Lady

Lady Selina, instead of opposing; highly approved the proposition, and the only injunctions she laid on his transported Lordship were, that he should intrust none but Miss Fairfax with his secret, and not divulge it even to her till her brother was gone to France, where he had signified to his friends he was obliged to go on particular business.

Now, said she, during his short absence, all this affair may be quietly settled; but if you tell Emely before he is out of the way, she, in her first emotions of joy, confides it to him, and he has such high notions, - that ten to one he does you more harm than good with his sister. For these reasons I only command you to silence till the coast is clear; you may then speak to the purpose, and depend on it I will intirely devote myself to the interest of you both. We shall easily enough break off with Miss Beverly. She must console her
dis-

disappointed hopes by accepting a lover of less consequence than your Lordship. We will hereafter make her a sort of engine in the business. With such an inexhaustable fund of what the wise call sentiment, moderation, composure, and such stupid nonsense; it will be easy to persuade her to say and do just as we please. Oh! it will be delightfully ridiculous to hear her declare to Lord Delborough that it is all her own fault. He will think you hardly used, and then, my Lord, you have nothing to do but demand the lovely Emely in retribution for your mistress's fickleness, and as a reward for your own sufferings.

The Viscount was no longer able to restrain his raptures, but as a repetition of them is not absolutely necessary to this part of our history, we shall pass them over in silence, and only say, why Lady Selina closed so readily with his Lordship's plan of entering into an immediate explanation
with

with Miss Fairfax, which proposal seems to put her own designs on his white hand and pretty person at a still greater distance. The discovery did not appear to her in that light; on the contrary, it was the very scheme she had herself projected, and would have advanced, if Lord Haverville had not spared her the trouble, by anticipating her intentions, he with a view to make himself sure of Emely, she with the much better founded expectation of separating them for ever. She was too well acquainted with her scrupulous rectitude, to entertain a doubt of her making the Earl acquainted with his son's declared attachment, and too much discernment, not to perceive that the consequence of such a communication could only end in an eternal separation. Thus being rid of both claimants, there was no possible obstruction remaining to impede her entrance into the Delborough family, every member of which, the Colonel excepted, was considered by her Ladyship

ship with as perfect indifference as the most modern couple feel for each other six months after marriage. We have already given her reasons for seeking the alliance, and it would be mere tautology to repeat them.

CHAP.

C H A P. LVI.

BEFORE Colonel Fairfax more generally signified his intention of making a short excursion to the Continent, he had apprised his uncle of the real cause that induced him to undertake it, all but the unfortunate event in the early days of poor Henry, which had fatally blighted his youth. This alone he buried in the secret recesses of his heart, and friendship threw a veil over the recollection of it, which he never attempted to lift, but with tenderness, pity, and respect.

Mrs.

Mrs. Edwin was a particular favourite of the old Peer, and though at first he violently disapproved of his nephew's leaving town, at a time when the smiles of youth, beauty, rank and riches, invited him to stay ; yet, on being assured this short absence might be the means of happiness to the charming widow, he had reluctantly consented, but under certain restrictions and limitations, one of which was to preserve his heart against all foreign invaders, the other to return within six weeks, and offer it to the acceptance of Lady Selina Dangle. To these conditions he made no demur. For accomplishing the two first he depended on himself, and for a decided rejection of the last, on Lady Selina, who, notwithstanding her duplicity, he plainly, and with extreme satisfaction, remarked, no longer entertained those sentiments for him, which, though they might have done him honour, had never contributed to his felicity.

Mrs.

Mrs. Edwin might, and it is most probable she did, suspect what were indeed his benevolent reasons for crossing the Channel; but he had never, by declaring them, put it in her power either to dissuade him from pursuing his plan, or announcing her own gratitude; to his sister he was equally silent. Her obligations to so dear, so tender, so interesting, a friend, made it a too dangerous experiment to trust her with his confidence. He even did not name the day or time when he should leave them; but only said, in general terms, it would be soon, that he should take his horses and use them the greatest part of the way. He asked their commands for Paris, but did not mention Dejon in the map of his travels; and it was with the utmost surprise that they heard of his departure the very morning after they had all been together at the drawing-room; perhaps two days before he did not intend it should have been quite so

so abrupt; but the agonies of a concealed, a hopeless passion, had, on that occasion, with strong irresistible language forced upon him a truth, to which his lingering inclinations had before refused to listen. They told him, that by indulging his fight with an object which never could be his, neither wisdom or honour could justify; it was a situation full of dangers, against which the valour of a foldier could make no defence, and that in his perilous case to fly from danger could alone insure a victory. He would not even trust himself with joining his friends at dinner in St. James's-Square. The tortures of that day had been more than he was well able to support: From the Drawing-Room he, therefore, was conveyed to his lodgings in Dover-Street, and spent the few remaining hours, between five in the evening and six in the morning, in giving directions for his journey, regulating some of his domestic affairs, examining into his own heart, now

forrowing over its deranged situation, and now rejoicing that it would avoid the afflicting trial, which must crush it to atoms; of witnessing the awful ceremony, that was to bestow on Lord Haverville the hand of Miss Beverly. His nocturnal cogitations were unmix'd with the visions of sleep; his wretchedness forbid him to court repose, and she is a dainty dame, who will not come uninvited.

Thomas Parr had in vain pleaded warmly, and, with tears in his eyes, for leave to go with his master. The refusal proceeded from humane fears, that such a journey, at such a season, would do his old servant no good; but to spare him the mortification of thinking himself past his services, he gave quite another turn to the cause, why he rejected the prayer of his humble and affectionate petition, and tho' Thomas was unhappy in being forced to stay behind, he was proud of the numerous
com-

commissions with which his master had intrusted him, for the Colonel thought of many little offices calculated to afford him amusement, and give him self-importance; they were the employments of benevolence rather than the offices of servitude. In one command only he was eventually interested; this was delayed to the last moment, uttered in tremulous accents with precipitancy, and with agitation.

Thomas, said he, his foot was in the stirrup, and Thomas's hand still rested on the saddle, as loth to quit his station at the side of his kind master, Thomas, said he, giving him a scrap of paper, here is my future direction, you are not to mention it to any body, particularly to Mrs. Edwin, or my sister, but you will be every day in St. James's-Square; write to me the moment Lord Haverville is——. He paused, his head drooped. — Thomas thought it was for the convenience of making

making himself heard, and to shew that he could not only hear his words, but anticipate his meaning, he replied, I know what your Honour is going to say ; I am to write to your Honour as soon as the young Lord, your cousin, is espoused to Madam Beverly. The Colonel bowed himself in token of assent, not another syllable passed his lips, he turned from the door, and permitted his horse to proceed as he pleased till within twenty yards of St. James's-Square, where he laid a gentle restraint on his speed, to indulge the idea of the many hours he had there spent with her whom his soul adored, but whom his honour forced him to relinquish.

Thomas was charged by his master with the delivery of two notes, one to Lord Delborough, the other to Mrs. Edwin, written in affected high spirits, to bid his friends a short adieu, with apologies for the suddenness of his departure, and pro-

mises of a speedy return. There was also a message for Mrs. Bridget Deacon; so neither of the families being up when he called at the Earl's and in Grafton-Street, he left the notes with the respective porters, and proceeded to Grosvenor-Square, not to lose time in executing the orders that, in his methodical calculation seemed to require dispatch. This momentous business was to acquaint the housekeeper that his master, at the request of his sister and Miss Beverly, had consented to put, under the protection of each, one of his late aunt's four-footed favourites—Spider, a very pretty Italian greyhound, was destined by the Colonel for Emely, and Pompey, the prince of beauty, the very paragon of his species, had been selected as the companion of Louisa, which made Mrs. Deacon observe, as she kissed and delivered them into the arms of Thomas, that it was a thousand pities he had not given the handsomest to his sister.

It is no pity at all, Ma'am, says Thomas, an't the Lady who takes Pompey to be a person of quality? and an't my master as fond of her as if he was going to marry her himself? that he is to my certain knowledge! where then is the pity? Miss Emely is above being spiteful, and will never grumble I warrant you, so set your heart at rest, Mrs. Bridget; they will be taken good care of, have them who may, ay, and be made as much of too as ever they were in all their born days.

I have no doubt of that, replied Mrs. Deacon. He gave me as many charges before my Lady's corps was carried out of the house, about taking care of all the dear little souls, as if they had been every one his own children, and heaven will bless him for his reverence to the dead, as well as for his generosity to the living. By the conclusion of this pathetic speech we may draw a rational inference, that Colonel

Fairfax, in his administration, had not neglected to be gracious and liberal, or forgotten to reward the merits of his aunt's faithful domestics.

It is to be lamented, that in works of this sort, the author is sometimes forced to burthen his anecdotes with scenes which may not happen to strike his reader, as being either important or interesting; to steer clear of this rock, against which so many wiser historians than ourselves have fatally split, we shall, for the present, desist from spinning out the thread of dialogue, and in simple, concise narrative, relate what effect the news of our Colonel's departure produced, and by what consequences it was attended, on which superstructure we shall raise the edifice of our next chapter.

CHAP.

C H A P. LVII.

LORD Delborough heartily wished, and sanguinely hoped, to see his nephew connected with the house of Angrave, the fair daughter of which had so effectually cast a mist over his eyes, as to make it impossible for him to distinguish between shadow and substance; she played off so many fine qualities; threw herself into so many amiable situations, by the light of her own magic lantern, as not only to establish her fame with the peer, but to gain very considerably on the good opi-

nion of Louisa, and the entire confidence of Emely, who admired the mild sedateness, the plaintive sweetness, that an early acquaintance with sorrow had impressed on the features of Miss Beverly, presided in her movements, and governed her expressions; but she loved the animated, good-humoured affable Lady Selina; and if she had looked round the world for a young friend, with whom to repose every thought of her heart, the choice would have fallen on Lady Selina; it was not the error of judgment, it was the fruits of integrity; she had never practised deceit, or been deceived; was it possible then for a novice like her, to know any thing about hypocrisy; much less to look for it in a female bosom, and that female a woman of quality.

The morning on which her brother stole himself away, she had promised Lady Selina, who was setting to Cofway for her picture,

picture, to go with her, if she would call and take her up; but when Mrs. Edwin acquainted her with the contents of the note, and she found her dear Charles had taken a French leave, she sent a billet to her Ladyship, apologizing for not keeping her engagement, and as an excuse for breaking it, pleaded her spirits, that suffered from the abruptness with which her brother had departed that morning for the continent.

Mrs. Edwin, when she understood that he was really gone, being too well convinced from what motives he had undertaken the journey; and though she knew that he could be but a few miles from town at the time she opened and read his adieus, felt as if her own existence depended on the immediate moment, or as if the interview between him and Henry had already taken place, which was to revive her almost extinguished hopes of felicity, or

confirm her yet suspended misery ; for never had she been able to persuade her faithful heart, that, the being, so infinitely dear to it, would for ever continue unjust to her and to himself. Unwilling to discover her agitation in the presence of Emely, she excused herself from getting up, complained of a head-ach, and desired she would send her a dish of tea. Emely felt her hand, it was cold as ice ; she was alarmed, and would have sent that moment for a physician, but Mrs. Edwin calm'd her fears, by assuring her, sleep was an infallible doctor, begged she might not be disturbed whilst conforming to his regimen, and promised to join her below, as soon as she had taken a sufficient quantity of the restoring medicine. Such were the effects produced by the Colonel's note in Grafton-Street. That directed to Lord Delborough, was opened in presence of the Viscount. The Peer wished his nephew had let Lady Selina into a little of his mind,

mind, before he sat out on his expedition ; but Lord Haverville rejoiced that he had taken himself off. The rapidity of his impatience, was not to be restrained, he took flight on the wings of love, and soon after alighted at the feet of his adorable cousin.

Mrs. Edwin was not yet come down stairs, and Emely was sitting quite alone, when his Lordship appeared before her. She had taught herself to look on him as another brother, and with the same modest affectionate freedom she would have offered her hand to the one, she held it out to the other ; we need not say that it was received with rather more than emotions of fraternal tenderness by the transported Viscount ; nor did he again resign it, 'till he had involved her in astonishment, distress and confusion, by opening the whole contents of his love fraught heart ; she remained pale, trembling, silent ; she nei-

ther looked at, or listened to him, but with the horrors of an affrighted imagination; the cruelty with which he was acting to the amiable injured Louisa, made her regard him with abhorrence, if not contempt. She was terrified with the idea of her uncle's disappointment, and sicken'd at the thoughts, that though the innocent occasion of it, she should become the object of his rage and everlasting displeasure. Ah! my Lord, what are you about! she exclaimed with frantic discomposure, recall your senses! think of your dear, your deceived Louisa! never, never more insult me with a conversation that threatens all, every body with ruin! hide this error from the knowledge of Miss Beverly, and oh! for mercy sake, conceal it from my uncle! though her affections were uninterested, her fears were so alarmed, that bursting into tears, she broke from his passionate endeavours to detain her, and leaving his Lordship to go or stay as he pleased,

pleased, flew to Mrs. Edwin, poured all her innocent sorrows into her bosom, received the tenderest consolation, and the most salutary council; whilst the Viscount, after waiting a considerable time, in hopes she would come back, or at least send him a message, left the house in all the tortures of love, and all the agonies of despair. The perplexity of his thoughts, as he walked towards St. James's-Square, are not to be described; one moment he would reveal his situation to his father; he would assert his independence of choice; the next, such a step would hazard the exquisite delight of breathing the same air; setting at the same table, and feasting his eyes on the beauties of his divine cousin; his father would contrive to separate them for ever, even if he but surmised, she impeded the completion of his other views; for the same reason it would be equally dangerous to throw himself at this æra, on the compassion of Miss Beverly, which he

had before meditated, for should she be inclined to bear the odium of fickleness, so sudden a change in her sentiments might give suspicions, and produce the very consequences, which, of all others, he most dreaded. Had Emely received him favourably; had she betrayed the least symptoms of that partiality with which Lady Selina had flattered him, every thing would have worn a different aspect; as it was, he cursed his own precipitancy, and with the expectation that Miss Fairfax would as usual dine in St. James's-Square, assured too, there was no reason to suppose she would discover him, who was so afraid that he should discover himself, he at last came to a resolution of behaving as he used to do, 'till by opportunity, importunity, the effluence of his tears, and the æther of his sighs, he had melted the mountains of ice in her frozen bosom, and penetrated to the warm region of her heart; we beg our readers to observe, this is not our own proper

proper language, it belongs to a desperate, desponding, fighting, dying lover ; it was the language of Lord Haverville.

Some of his calculations were not erroneous ; at the dinner hour the two ladies, as usual, made their appearance at Lord Delborough's. Sir James Archer, and his party, had arrived there a few minutes before them ; Emely's knees smote each other, and her whole delicate frame trembled as she entered the drawing-room ; the Viscount, fortunately for her, was not present, or it is probable she would have sunk under the various conflicts which at that moment assailed her. Miss Beverly cry'd out, good God ! Miss Fairfax, what is the matter ? you are certainly very ill ; why you look as pale as ashes ! I guess what is the matter, said the Earl, who was walking about the room, and had now taken one of her hands in his, whilst Louisa held the other ; you have been a fool

Emely,

Emely, to spoil your pretty eyes in crying after that young rascal, Charles, who has given us all the slip this morning. She acknowledged an error, of which she had not been guilty, and whilst she pretended to confess her weakness, she pressed the hand of Miss Beverly, kissed her uncle's, and could have fallen at their feet for pardon, though in fact she had never offended, or ever intended to offend them.

The two amiable sisters placed her between them, and tried to dissipate her melancholy; Mrs. Edwin went to the window, as if to look at some object in the Square that had attracted her notice; Lord Delborough, who was really shocked at seeing the alteration in his niece, followed her to request she would have some advice for her as soon as they got home. When she said to him in a low voice, there is a matter of importance, on which I wish to be allowed the honor of consulting your Lordship;

ship ; it must be for your private ear, here I cannot speak, and the favor will be too great ; he interrupted her ; I understand you madam, name the hour when I may have the honor to receive your commands in Grafton-Street.

Shall it be to-morrow morning, my Lord ?

At what time ?

Ten o'clock, if that will not be too early for your Lordship.

You may depend on my punctuality.

Mrs. Edwin heard a step at the door, which she knew to be Lord Haverville's, and hastily thanking the Earl for his condescension, she took her place by the side of Lady Archer.

It

It was indeed Lord Haverville himself, who was just descended from his dressing-room, and though he had seen Mrs. Edwin's carriage stop at the door, and Emely descend from it, he was but half prepared for the interview that awaited him, and he paid his compliments with a much worse grace than was natural to him.

I am glad you are come, William, said his father; this foolish child, pointing to his niece, wants a comforter, or a chafter, and as I am too old for either, you must console her for her brother's absence, or punish her for whining after him like a simpleton.

From the moment her cousin came into the room, all the traces of pale languor had fled from her countenance, and when her uncle recommended her to his care and tuition, the colour of opening roses, which

which had newly blown on her cheeks, was vail'd by a scarlet suffusion of such peculiar brightness, as would have given new beauty to the finest coral lips that art or nature ever produced. Already the victim of her apprehensive timidity; what became of her struggling fortitude? when she found the Viscount at her feet, felt him press her hands with the eager grasp of imploring mercy, and heard him say, dearest Emily! my father bids me console you, but look kindly on your comforter, or he will have no consolation to bestow even on you.

Rise, my Lord, said she, with a commanding dignity of voice and manner, with which the necessity of the moment had inspired her; there are times when the best jest, or the finest stroke of wit, may lose its effect, and blunt itself against a mind disposed to seriousness; desist there-
fore,

fore, I beseech you, for I am determined not to profit by the pains you have taken; sometimes I may be volatile, but to-day I am serious.

Dinner was at this moment announced; Lord Delborough did not seem pleased with Emely's reply; perhaps the rest of the company, all but Mrs. Edwin, accused her more for the want of good humour, than of good spirits; and the word simpleton, which had been before applied by the Earl, to herself, now seemed to belong, with greater justice, to the mortified Viscount, who, it must be confessed, looked and acted very like one, for the remainder of the day, which we shall only remark, did not pass so pleasantly as many that had gone before it. At nine, they all went to the Opera, except Mrs. Edwin and Emely, who having much business to settle at home that evening, got themselves excused from
joining

joining the party, by affigning so many efficient causes why they could not go, as excluded no plausible reason but the true one.

CHAP.

C H A P. LVIII.

LORD Delborough's curiosity, if not his suspicions, were roused by the mysterious manner in which Mrs. Edwin delivered her request of a private interview, and at her own house; nor had he been less struck, with what at first appeared the childish pettishness of his niece; but owing to a sort of fearful reserve, that pervaded her behaviour to his son for the whole day, he could not help seeing it afterwards in another light; he recalled every word she had used, as Lord Haverville knelt

kneelt before her, and did not pass over the lightning that darted from her eyes, or the energy that marked her expressions; half the night he gave himself up to the influence of his own fancies, which though in general bad conductors, sometimes led him so near the precipice he dreaded, that he would turn from it with disgust; again it would rise before him, and fatal as the idea was to his repose, it was a sort of preparative to the explanation that awaited him; when punctual to his appointment, he was received by Mrs. Edwin alone, in her dressing room, the next morning.

His Lordship did not once interrupt the very circumstantial, but candid detail of the scene that had passed between Lord Haverville and Miss Fairfax, on the preceding day, prior to their meeting at dinner; but it was easy to discover what pains it cost him to smother in silence the rage that burst from his distended eyes, and convulsed

vulsed his whole tottering frame ; at length, no longer able to maintain the unequal conflict, he started from his seat, and striking the stick he held in his hand against the floor, with a force that broke it in two, he exclaimed, my son then is a scoundrel ! an incorrigible scoundrel !

Mrs. Edwin, frightened at his violence, but more at his gestures, half repented of what she had done, and Emely, who was in the next room, waiting with trepidation for a summons to appear before her uncle, heard the demolition of the stick, and his exalted voice, which operating both together, sounded in her ears like the shock of an earthquake, she burst open the door between them, gave a scream of terror, and fell lifeless at his feet.

There could not another circumstance have happened, which would have so soon restored the exasperated peer to the full possession

possession of his senses; he assisted Mrs. Edwin to forward her recovery, cursed his own violence, and wept over her like an infant; the moment she could speak, she slid from between his arms, and kneeling down, her polished arms extended towards him, her delicate hands clasped together, her mild tearful eyes afraid to lift themselves up, timidly bending to the ground, she besought his pardon for herself, and his forgiveness for her cousin.

Is there a heart so hardened, to resist the eloquent pleadings of mercy, conveyed through the penetrating accents of such a pleader? the poor old Lord was overwhelmed by her voice, her attitude, her expressions; he sunk by her side, reclined his venerable head on her shoulder, and sob'd out, matchless child of my soul! in you I have nothing to pardon! you have never offended me! is there yet a way to save my unworthy son! point it out! preserve

serve but his honor, and I will not renounce him.

That, my Lord, said Mrs. Edwin, when she had assisted them to rise, and they were calmly seated by each other, one of his dark hued shrivelled hands imprisoned between the exquisitely white, soft, and smooth ones of Emely, often lifted to her lips in fervent gratitude, and sometimes moistened with the dews of sensibility; that, my Lord, is already provided for, and with your permission, Lord Haverville shall be restored to himself, to you, and to Miss Beverly.

My permission, re-echo'd his father, good God! madam, with what hopes do you flatter me! hold me no longer in suspense, but tell me if it is possible that all this should really happen.

I will

I will explain to your Lordship that nothing can be more certain ; I only wait for your consent to run away with this child of ours, who undesignedly, and much to her own discontent, has committed a theft on Lord Haverville's imagination, (for I am convinced neither his heart or his affections are to be included in the list of her depredations) and if you have no objection, I shall take her into Wales, where we will make a visit of a few weeks ; to a respectable old lady, who by my marriage with Mr. Edwin, I have the happiness to call my grand-mother ; I have not seen her for many years ; a former visit to me is the last her age and infirmities will allow her to make in this country ; she then doated on Miss Fairfax, who was almost a child, and I have never since that time received a letter from her, which does not importune me for one more sight of her before she leaves the world. I might at such a season of the year have

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thought

thought it more prudent to go to my own house, or to that of my sister Dormer's, rather than take a journey of so great magnitude; but at either of these places, I could not have said she would be safe from the pursuit of Lord Haverville, if still misled by the chimera of fancy, he should have supposed his own felicity might be concerned in making the discovery; and it is for this reason only that I have given the preference to Wales, as impenetrable to the researches, even of a real lover, which on this occasion I do not understand to be the characteristic of his Lordship, who as soon as he ceases to see his imaginary mistress, will infallibly cease to remember her; let him, my Lord, for ever remain in the salutary error, that his flighty wandering is known only to himself and Miss Fairfax, and let us be profoundly secret; by which means the peace of Miss Beverly will not be disturbed by a knowledge of his momentary infidelity, he will

cease

cease to think of his cousin, and restore his whole heart to its right and amiable owner, for as long as Miss Beverly lives, the woman who would dispute it with her, must be something daringly above her sex, or infinitely below it.

My God! interrupted Lord Delborough, what a plan have you laid out for my happiness, and for the preservation of the honour of my house! What an angel are you! What an angel is my Ethely!

Will you have the goodness, my Lord, to indulge me a few minutes longer, continued Mrs. Edwin, with your patient attention; I know I am prolix, and, I fear, tedious: I would avoid being either, if I could; but yet I would not hazard the proceeding a single step in this affair without your advice and decided approbation, which leads to a necessity that I should be

E 2

minute,

minute, even to the risk of tiring you with my explanations.

The Earl assured her he could listen to her for ever without danger of satiety, kissed the placid cheek of his niece that now glowing with pleasure, fondly rested on his shoulder, and Mrs. Edwin proceeded.

After the scene that passed in this house yesterday, we could not have had the honour of dining with your Lordship but for two reasons, which, I hope, you will think efficient ones: First, that the arrangements of our future proceedings were then laid down preparations in train, and your sanction, my Lord, was alone wanting to the immediate execution of our scheme. Secondly, it was to prevent any suspicion arising in your family either then or when we leave town. As to the cause of our absence I shall do myself the honour of leaving

leaving a letter, which is already written, behind me. I plead the urgency of my own business that has suddenly called me into the country, and ask your pardon for making Miss Fairfax the partner of my journey. If Lord Haverville guesses at our real motive for this manœuvre, he cannot blame us, and will certainly not betray himself. As soon as he is the husband of Miss Beverly we will joyfully return; but till then we will not venture even to write to you, but always hold ourselves ready to obey your commands when our absence is no longer necessary to your repose, and I must add to the honour and happiness of your family. Have we your consent, your approbation, my Lord? My travelling carriage will be at the door in five minutes; every thing is in readiness, and, if you do not forbid us, we shall immediately begin our journey.

Lord Delborough paused, looked gratefully at Mrs. Edwin, the expression of his countenance conveyed his thanks with greater energy than language could have done, yes ! said he, as if speaking to himself, it must be so ! He cast his eyes on Emely, and added, Why did I ever know her ? or knowing, why must I separate her from my family ? These are the fruits of having a weather-cock for my son. Curse on the spirit of change that has possessed him !

Emely pleaded for the errors of her cousin, and restored the Earl to good-humour. The carriage came to the door. She threw her arms round his neck, and pressed her lips to his. Again and again he folded her in his arms, and would have waited to conduct them down stairs ; but was persuaded to go out some minutes before them to avoid observation. Having received their address, he once more bid them

them farewell. Their adieus were exceedingly tender, their parting abrupt. He drew his hat over his eyes, and left them with that sort of haste, as if he had doubted the strength of his own fortitude.

Emely was almost suffocated by her grief when she parted with her indulgent uncle; but as her sorrow was unmingled with self-reproach, as her sadness was not occasioned by a more pungent sensation, than those for which nature is accountable, it was soon dissipated by the sensible conversation of Mrs. Edwin, and the variety of objects that every where met her observation, on a road, through which she had never before travelled.

C H A P. LIX.

WE have pre-supposed that our readers will follow the two fair emigrants in their excursion, we shall therefore tell them to what sort of place they are going, that, when their journey terminates, they may not find themselves amongst the Cambrian mountains, without a map to direct their course by, shivering with cold, no hospitable roof to shelter them, unknown and unknown, we will not only, for their accommodation, shew them, in perspective, a comfortable mansion, where they

they will be kindly received, and, we hope, well entertained, if it is not their own faults; but we shall also step before, prepare them good fires, well-aired beds, and a warm, polite, old-fashioned, welcome. If any of our younger class of modern friends should feel their nerves deranged at the thoughts of being dragged from all the splendid circles, where they can every night in the week, and every hour in the night, exhibit their cloaths, their feathers, their jewels, and themselves, so much to their own satisfaction. If they should start at the word old-fashioned welcome, and hold it beneath the purchase of such a sacrifice, we would advise them to stay where they are. Other inducements we could offer, but fear to advance them, as, by presuming to draw any thing like a competition between their present situation and the comforts of Mrs. Lewellen's fire-side, we might subject ourselves to their pleasant railery, and, perhaps, witty derision; so leaving

such of our readers behind who are not willing to follow us, we shall proceed to the habitation of the late Mr. Edwin's maternal grandmother, describe where and how it is situated, set open the doors of the house for those who are disposed to enter, and give them a peep into the heart of its venerable owner.

This ancient seat, of a more ancient family, is situated in one of the most retired, but beautiful, parts of Glamorganshire High Clift, for so it is called, from its vicinity to a chain of tremendous mountains, which justifies its claim to the pre-eminent appellation, is a small village that seems to rest in the lap of its lofty neighbours, and very unlike other disproportioned alliances, confer and receive mutual benefits from each other. The humble cottagers are guarded from the assaults of bleak north-easters by their proud resistance, and in return, the grateful peasantry drive

drive their numerous herds to graze on the verdant borders, and enrich the craggy sides of their protectors, adding to the sublime of grandeur the graceful ornament of animation, and the cheerful face of plenty.

Another union of lesser hills rises to the west; and these are indebted both to art and nature for the indescribable beauty of their appearance! The mountain ash, the lofty pine, the stately oak, and the creeping brush-wood, has formed a variegated tissue, with which they are cloathed, as with a garment richly embroidered—round their skirts, serpentine a bold river, which carries on its reflecting surface many small islands, and sportively fences about the green meadows of the modest vale with silver fringes!

To a southern aspect alone is this happy village exposed, and in the bosom of it

lives Mrs. Lewellen; like a fond mother, surrounded by her dutiful and affectionate children. Her very large estates are divided into small farms. The inhabitants are all of them either her friends, her tenants, or her cottagers. In the first class is her chaplain, her physician, her steward, and their families. In the second, all, who are not too old, or too young, to labour. Such are included in the third, which is by far the most numerous, as on it are enrolled the names of all that are sick, or unfortunate in their honest pursuits, or under the visitation of any other affliction, to which their own negligence or vices have not been accessory, and even such as her justice will not openly countenance, her compassion privately relieves.

In all situations like this, the neglected state, or regular cleanliness of cottages, bespeak what are the inclinations of the great people at the great house; nor are the

the out-lines of their dispositions less strongly marked in the lean, disappointed, or cheerful, satisfied countenances of the poor dependent cottagers. The scattered farm-houses, and still more humble hovels, that here and there shew their whitened faces through the trees at a small distance from the Park, in which stands the Priory, like the ingenuous smile of a good person, carries a presumptive evidence that all is harmony within. Should a stronger proof be requisite to persuade, that examples from the rich, whether they be of good or evil tendency, will act forcibly on the poor, much to the increase of virtue, or the growth of vice, Mrs. Lewellen's villagers will be no bad auxiliary, if we advance to strengthen our argument, that they were upright in their dealings with each other, diligent in their labour, kind in their families, and, when in health, never failing in their attendance on divine worship; if we stay at home for nothing, say they, we shall offend God,

God, and displease our Lady, so when sick or in trouble they can look up with confidence to God and their Lady for the ease of their minds, and the relief of their necessities.

The mansion-house bears no other name than the Priory, because it never has been altered since its foundation, in the reign of the Edwards; it was then erected for the use of one of those devout societies, which have left behind them, in various parts of the British dominions, indubitable proofs of their good skill in choosing situations for their religious communities.

The heavy sombre appearance which distinguished the Priory, when purchased by the ancestors of Mrs. Lewellen, has, in part, been done away by the better taste of every succeeding generation; but the greatest improvements it has ever received, is since it became the residence of its present

sent possessor, who is hardly more the disciple of goodness than the votary of cheerfulness. Nothing about her, animate or inanimate, wears a dark or gloomy aspect, even in defiance of massy walls, small windows, large rooms, narrow doors, a chapel equal in dimensions to five times the number of her family and villagers, all in their original forms, and in the highest state of preservation, it is by no means the cradle of melancholy, though it may be called the nursery of contemplation.

The outside is not more distinguished for its antique architecture than for the pleasant relief it receives from the lively verdure of the extensive Park in which it stands, the numberless shrubs, and thousand blooming flowers, that surrounded it, or than for the extreme comfort, clear light, exhilarating warmth, and the elegant simplicity of the interior. Mrs. Lewellen, who is within four months of completing

her eightieth year, like the old fabric itself, looks of a much more modern date; the flowers, with which she decorates the one, and gives to it the expression of gaiety, are represented in her own bosom by the never fading ones of urbanity, benevolence, good humour, good spirits, great wisdom, and unaffected piety.

Mrs. Edwin and Miss Fairfax were exceedingly dear to the memory of this charming old Lady. She had not seen either for six years, but a constant intercourse by letter subsisted between them during that long interval, and kept alive the sentiments of respect and affection they had mutually imbibed for each other.

The courier, sent on by the travellers to apprise her of their approach, did not arrive at the Priory more than an hour before them; that hour was of equal value to her, that twelve months would have been

been in the calendar of a younger person, because it came at a season when this respectable woman had cheerfully reduced the calculation of the time, it was probable she might remain on this side eternity; she no longer measured it by months and years, but confined the period of her views to minutes and to hours; the hour, therefore, between the time she knew they were on the road to the moment she pressed them in her arms, was, perhaps, as blissful as any she had ever experienced; it was a happiness of all others the most ardently wished, and the least expected; it came upon her by surprise, and met with the same cordial reception which she afterwards bestowed on the beloved guest themselves.

The meeting was joyful; tender, pathetic, and, notwithstanding the changes that must have taken place in a woman of

of seventy-four, and a girl of thirteen, in a separation of six years, Mrs. Lewellen and Miss Fairfax recognized each other at a first glance, and never was there a more interesting subject for the pencil of a painter, than when the beautiful ward of Mrs. Edwin threw herself into the embraces of her delighted grandmother, for so she was accustomed, from their first acquaintance, to call the venerable matron. Happiness is no observer of time's admonitions; Mrs. Lewellen was happy, her usual hour of going to rest passed unheeded, another was its successor, and another succeeded to that, yet still did she egg out the social banquet of souls with added moments, loth to rise from a repast which had afforded her the highest of all mental gratifications. The same confidence that filial duty would have reposed in the bosom of maternal fondness marked this interview, and their revered entertainer was unreservedly instructed by her young friends of the true cause
why

why they had undertaken so long a journey at a season so unfavourable, and she signified not only the most perfect approbation, but bestowed a thousand praises on Mrs. Edwin for the refined prudence with which she had conducted the delicate embarrassment. Emely she called the Charming Heroine of virtuous resolution; her delighted eyes beamed applause, whilst, with the energetic vivacity of twenty-five, she repeated some lines she now remembered with pleasure, because she thought them applicable to her favourite.

Caution's eye can never close,

Fears to sleep, and shun repose;

Caution wakes, when danger's tread

Near to virtue's sacred head;

Caution's hand stern blows can ward,

And virtue's fairest blossoms guard.

CHAP.

CHAP. LX.

THE weather being remarkably fine, Miss Fairfax, the morning after their arrival, got up, we cannot say at a very early hour, but so much before Mrs. Edwin, that she had time to explore many of the walks round the Priory. At first she only wandered from one garden to another, peeped into the hot-houses, plucked from the green-house a sprig of myrtle, with a bit of scarlet geranium, which she placed in her bosom, and, finding no human being in her way of whom she could be afraid, she

she grew less timid, and ventured into the Park, where standing still, and contemplating the beautiful scenery about her, she almost thought herself in the land of magic, and that all she saw was the work of benevolent fairies, for no others, she was sure, could approach the habitation of Mrs. Lewellen. Again she pursued her walk, and was still more astonished to see the squirrels, unheeding her approach, leaping from tree to tree, and to find the birds did not fly away, or even drop their notes, though her cloaths brushed against the sprays and bushes from which they caroled. How enchanting is this familiarity! cried she, in ecstasy: Dear creatures! why are not all your race like you, unafraid of the human form? Because, replied a voice, all human forms are not divine like yours, on their accents so mild and gracious! More frightened than flattered by this unexpected compliment, she looked round her to see from whom it came, and not perceiving man,

man, woman, or child, within the reach of her sight, she hastily ran towards the house, nor turned her eyes back till she had reached the door; when to near a safe harbour, she faced about, and examining objects with more accuracy than her fears would before permit her to bestow on them, she saw a target fixed a little below the very spot on which she had heard the seraphic sounds of flattery from an invisible speaker, whether embodied or spiritual was yet to be determined.

On entering the hall, a servant informed her, that she was desired to walk into his Lady's chamber, and conducting her as far as the door, she entered it, bearing on her cheeks evident signs that she had been robbing the morning of its healthy blushes and smiling aspect. Mrs. Lewellen was still in bed, and Mrs. Edgwin sat at the fire of it pouring out the tea. Child, said the Venerable Lady, whose composed countenance appeared to be moulded

moulded of the purest wax, only a little faded from the long time since which it came out of the maker's hand, will you forgive an old woman, who wishes to indulge herself at the expence of her grandchildren? I never get up till I have had my breakfast, and my daughter Edwin has promised for you that you will not separate yourself from me at a time when I can, in no other situation, enjoy the happiness of seeing and talking to you. Emely, as if she had found herself transported into the presence of a superior Being, to whom it was not more her duty than inclination to pay the tribute of homage, bent her knee to the ground, kissed the hand that had been stretched out to bid her welcome, and assured her, with equal grace and sincerity, if she was to chuse her situation for life, it should be to spend it in her presence. She then began describing the beauties of the place to Mrs. Edwin, who, as well as Mrs. Lowellen, was always delighted with her unstudied eloquence, and
in

in giving an account of her rambles, her adventure with the voice was not forgotten, or the dilemma into which it had thrown her, and she afterwards mentioned having seen the target. Oh ! then, interrupted the venerable Lady, I can easily unravel the mystery. Mr. Ormond asked my leave to fix it in the Park. I suppose his arrow had fallen near you, and in picking it up he heard what you said ; the reply was so like him, that I am sure it could be no other than himself who made it.

But, dear grandmama, said Emely, will you tell us who this Mr. Ormond is ? for he must be a mighty odd sort of man.

He is more than odd, my child, replied she, he is fourfold wonderful, wonderfully handsome, wonderfully graceful, wonderfully wise, and what is better than all the other three, I believe, by the turn of his conversation, and the regularity of his life, he is wonderfully good ; Mrs. Edwin sighed, perhaps she thought that in Henry Harvey

Harvey she had met with three of the wonderfals, and that even the fourth was also now fully in his possession—is this four-fold wonder married, grandmama, asked Emely, and has he got any children? I suppose they live at no great distance from the Priory. I understand, returned the sage historian, that he has been married, and is now a widower, but whether he has a family or not, I have never heard him say, or even ventured to ask him the question. He appears so pensive, and his manners accord so much with his mourning habit, that I avoid certain subjects, for fear of increasing the tendency he has to extreme melancholy. So far I have answered all your enquiries but one, and if you are inclined for a gossip's tale, I will tell you where he lives, how he happened to cross the path of my solitude, and all that I know myself, or have ever heard about him.

Both her affectionate auditors accepted the proposal with a thousand expressions of gratitude for her condescension, to which Miss Fairfax added, but dear kind grand-mama, you shall not fatigue yourself to gratify our curiosity; no, my love, she replied, it is now three quarters of an hour before my usual time of rising, and I must be a bad manager indeed, if with forty-five minutes in possession, I do not husband them with that sort of œconomy, which will keep your curiosity from starving, and not impoverish my own strength. Know then, continued she, with a smile that would have added another endearing grace to the face of mercy, that though I live here secluded from the world, all but a few humble friends and loving vassals, I am nevertheless as romantic as any nymph in Sydney's Arcadia, and would go as far, if I was able, after an adventure, as Don Quixote, or Emely Fairfax; such a climax unavoidably caused a moment's interruption,

ruption, but she checked their mirthful inclinations, and desired she might be permitted to proceed with her serious history. My principal farmer is a mighty great man in this colony; I brought him with me from your side of the water, and for that reason complimented him with a farm of a hundred pounds a year, because I found less would not content him; he is also, tho' a clown, honest, of sober understanding, and therefore of great use to my other tenantry. He has a wife not inferior to himself in all useful knowledge; one evening, I think it was about eight o'clock, and the most tempestuous I almost ever remember, this man came to the Priory, and desired to speak to my Ladyship's honor; will you have the translation, or shall I give you our dialogue in its original language; both requested it might be in the latter, and Emely added, O grandma, one hour with you is worth an age of London pleasures.

F 2

And

And here, in defence not only of the taste, but sincerity of Miss Fairfax, we will remark, that such young people as do not love and admire age, in a character like Mrs. Lewellen, will do it no credit when they arrive at the same stage she has already honourably attained—the happy country to which she is posting, lies open to her view—the objects that present themselves are cheering to her spirits, and the road to it illuminated by a thousand brilliant expectations; but alas! when we make the journey of old age by compulsion, and quit the flowers of youth with horror or regret, the lights will be extinguished, and our tedious pilgrimage be dark, gloomy, terrible!! We beg pardon for obtruding so serious a reflection, which however true, may not be calculated to give universal satisfaction, and seeing our error, shall endeavour to make some compensation, by beginning a new chapter, in which the descriptive powers of Mrs. Lewellen, will be more fully exemplified.

C H A P.

CHAP. LXI.

I Have told you, said she, it was a very stormy night, when my farmer, whose name is Ainslay, came to the Priory, and desired to speak to my Ladyship's honor ; I ordered him to be admitted, and enquired what business had brought him to me in such weather, and at so late an hour ?

And please your Ladyship, he replied, I comes to ask your honor leave to take up a sort of a windfall that has dropped at our door, as one may say.

F 3

Well,

Well, and what is this windfall my honest friend ?

A fine gentleman, seemingly, and please you madam, who have com'd and offer'd himself in the *cumpany* of a border to me and my wife, and said he woud give us such a sum of money as I could hardly believe my own ears, if we woud let him table with us, so my wife and me told him, if so be your Ladyship was agreeable, we could commodate him with a parlor, and tidy room up stairs.

You see by this little specimen, my children, said Mrs. Lewellen, of what consequence I make myself amongst my subjects, and how like a despot I reign over them ; for it is one of my laws, that before a stranger is brought into my village, as a settler, my permission must be first obtained ; my method is never to refuse an application, and after a probationary trial,

trial, the stranger is either established in my settlement, and I pass a bill of naturalization, or he is banished my dominions, if his conduct is reprehensible, and he should fall under my displeasure, because none of my good vassals would afterwards receive him into their houses; but amongst all the variety of applications made to me for leave of residence, this was the first time I had ever been flattered with any petition in behalf of a fine gentleman, and on the present occasion I confess to have felt some surprise, a great deal of curiosity, and no small portion of suspicion; for all which reasons, I bid the farmer give me a very particular account of every thing that had passed between him and this fine gentleman, and if you should not be prejudiced in his favour, by the eloquence of his first historian, when I take up the adventure, I hope to be more successful.

An hour ago, and please your Ladyship, as me and Sarah, with our little Samuel, was setting round the fire, telling of what work we was to go about, we hard the noise of cattle outside the door, and presently up lifted the latch, and who should we see come in, but the fine gentleman; the rain was running down his hat, and dripping from his big coat; he ask'd if we would give him a mouthful of shelter, and let his man have a mouthful too, for the storm had soaked them thro' and thro'; to be sure we know it would please your Ladyship's honor, that Sarah and I should be kind and civil, and so we was to the very best of our bilities, and master liked his entertainment so well, that he said, if we would table him and the like of that, he wou'd pay us a hundred pounds a year, only my lady, if your Ladyship is agreeable to it, we must table them all, and enough of conscience it is, for why, he has but one servant man; and two beast, besides himself;

himself; he said he would pay half a year before hand, so I ketches up my hat, and said I would come and ask your Ladyship; but before I got over the first gate, it comes into my head, that there be bites abroad, and that your Ladyship would be angry if he should happen to be a rogue, or the like of that, so back steps I, and says to him, master, says I, I hopes you beant a highwayman, nor broke out of prison, I begs you to tell me the truth? before I ask'd him this civil question, I never seed any body so dismol in my born days; but he cheard up directly, look'd mortally pleased, gave me a hearty shake by my hand, and azured me he was an honest man, but very misfortunate.

Having collected all the information I could from my farmer, I sent him back, overjoyed with my permission, to receive into his house this *misfortunate* fine gentleman, with a message from myself, autho-

rising him to shoot on any part of my estates, and to invite him to the Priory. The next morning he sent me very polite acknowledgments; he accepted, he said, my offer with gratitude, as he was fond of field sports, and should have embraced my invitation with pleasure, but from some circumstances in his situation, which had laden his spirits with so heavy a burden, as at present to render him quite unfit for mixing with society, adding, that as soon as he could dispose his heart to receive a truant, which had too long deserted her post, he would seek for his lost happiness at the hospitable Priory, and endeavour to establish it in the friendship of Mrs. Lewellen. There is gallantry for you my children! think you I could resist such language as this, not I indeed; I grew quite romantic, Mr. Ormond was always uppermost in my ideas, and I had the vanity to think, could I lay hold of the least share in his affections, I might soothe his melancholy,

if

if not obliterate his sorrows. When a young lady too has turned the corner of seventy-nine, and afterwards meditates the conquest of a fine gentleman, she should, like me, consider it would be absolute extravagance to waste her time in coyness and coquetry, and do as I did, which was, not only to make the first advances, but to follow them up with such avidity, that at the end of ten days, I had not only trained my fine gentleman into my very presence, but had the satisfaction to find my preference for him returned with so much fervency, that neither my judgment has been mortified, by finding itself misplaced, or my love for him wounded, by repelling indifference; he spares me the pangs of jealousy, by refraining from all society but mine, and never comes near me, but when I am quite alone; if he hears I have any of my neighbours with me, or any of them drop in by accident, he is off in a moment; our *tête à tête* are exceedingly tender, some-

times pathetic ; he tells me he has been in love, and that he has been married, but I always get him out of these very interesting subjects as fast as I can, for who, that thinks so tenderly as I do, of my amiable Ormond, could endure to behold him the unceasing prey of unconquerable melancholy ; besides, it is bad policy in an old coquet, to raise up in the memory of her lover, the beautiful image of a rival, whether she be dead or living, and as soon as he can forget this lamented wife, I have no doubt I shall reap all the advantages of my good conduct. We have hitherto met almost every day, and he often flatters me by saying, I am the only female in the world, who has any influence over his heart ; when the weather is good, I lean on his arm, and he conducts me from one garden to another, and more than once he has wished me sixty years younger than I am. To some of my cotemporaries, who are very young indeed, the wish may seem
superfluous,

superfluous, but it flatters me amazingly; at other times he reads to me, and when he does so, it appears that I never before understood the sense or spirit of the author he takes up; but listen now, for now is the moment of my triumph; he once, in some of our tender interviews, would cut out my profile by the shade of a candle; it was a remarkable good likeness, which I mention as a circumstance, not calculated to lessen my vanity; how charmingly graceful looked my Adonis, when he pressed it to his lips, treasured it in his bosom, and vowed never to part from the dear resemblance, as long as that heart beat, to which he had partially annexed it. I fear I have tired you, added she, but my story is at an end; I have only to charge you both, that if I should be lucky enough to lure him here whilst you are with me, you are to consider the delicacy of my situation, and play no more tricks with his heart than I have done.

Mrs.

Mrs. Edwin declared; she would never be the rival of any woman, much less of her grandmother; but I do not promise to be quite so good, said Emely, and depend on it, grandmama, if it was your Mr. Ormond, who spoke to me about the clouds this morning, I will pursue my advantage, and if possible, get as much into his good graces as I am in your own.

That will be cruel indeed, said she, for then I shall lose my love! away goes my profile into the fire, and all his airy vows with it!

No, no, replied the engaging Emely, it shall be doubly cherished, and repose on two grateful bosoms instead of one.

Go, flatterer, and before my head grows quite giddy with my own importance, let me be made ready to meet you when you return from your walk; take my daughter

Edwin

Edwin with you, lead her through the walks you have already trodden, and if you meet a voice in your way, give my love to it, and say I shall be glad to hear it at my table half an hour after three. The venerable, but ever chearful presidentess of the Priory, having dissolved the assembly by this most gracious speech, the two ladies having rung the bell for her attendants, left her to get up, and in obedience to her commands, as well as their own inclinations, wandered into the park, but Etnely met with no second adventure, only, that in looking round on every side, where she had heard the voice, she picked up an arrow, which had stuck in the middle of some high and thick brush-wood, and this she carried back to the house in great exultation, as a proof of her grand-mama's penetration, and that the voice did certainly belong to Mr. Ormond. Now said she, playfully, let him come if he dares, and I will shoot him through the heart

heart with his own arrow; but however, she might wish to shew her skill in archery; he gave her no opportunity of exerting it, by keeping off from the Priory all that day, and only sending to enquire after the health of Mrs. Lewellen, who sent him a note, requesting he would not absent himself at a time when she wished to present him to two of the most beloved friends she had in the world, and who would be her guests, she hoped, for a longer time than she could possibly allow him to separate himself from her society; to which she added, that her visitors were as amiable as himself, and would divert his melancholy by a thousand little anecdotes of the great and gay world, being just fresh imported from London.

This little billet produced the following reply :

The

The honour you propose to me, my dear Madam, is too great; it is dangerous, and I dare not accept it. When your beloved friends leave you again I will be at your side; most happy, if but for a moment my attentions can make you feel their loss with less severity. My health to day is not good, my spirits worse. Indeed, my dear Madam, you must have the goodness to indulge me in my eccentricities. I cannot consent to expose my follies to any eye but your own.

Well, cried Emely, when she had seen this note, it appears to me, grandmama, that this lover of yours is more than four-fold wonderful! He is certainly deranged in his finances, his head, or his heart, or else wonderfully stubborn and refractory; but if he holds out to the last moment of our stay with you, which, I hope, will be a great while, that arrow shall rise up in judgment against him. He can listen,
and

and look at people, though he will not shew himself. If he is less than desperately in love with you, grandmama, and will not let me look at him for fear of consequences, there is no one rational excuse to be made for his oddities.

Emely got up the second morning rather more early than the first, and left the print of her feet exactly on the same paths where they had trod before. Again the garden-houses were visited, and the old nosegay, which had faded on her bosom, was supplied by another that could only be inferior to herself for beauty and freshness. When she reached the Park, a number of sheep were feeding round her, whose walk the preceding day had been at so great a distance, that she did not then observe them. She was delighted to see them crop the tender herbage, and sported amongst them, to catch the sweetness of their breathing. She examined their faces to see if she could

could trace in them a likeness to each other; but did not venture to address herself to them as she had done to the birds and squirrels, for fear she might be overheard, and again replied to by the voice. Though not tired with the innocent occupation of attending to their motions, yet, with the design of lengthening her walk, she went on, and mechanically turned her eyes towards the target, when she saw a man in black in the very act of directing an arrow towards it, and the idea striking her at the moment, that if it really was no other than Mr. Ormond, as she had some reason to suppose he might think, that curiosity to see him was the motive for her coming thither, the suggestion of having unpremeditatedly stepped on the borders of impropriety, suffused her modest cheeks with blushes of self-reprehension, and she endeavoured to retrieve the error by hastening home as fast as she could walk. She had observed one sheep with remarkable
large

large horns that fed at a distance from the rest, which, unluckily for her, happened to have been reared up in a farm-house by the farmer's children; but when it grew up too much for them in strength and playfulness, it had been banished from the domestic circle, and that day made its escape from a small inclosure where it was confined to prevent mischief, and made a fruitless attempt to join his brethren in the Park; but they, as is always the case, would not receive him into their society, whilst the spoilt and now disgraced favourite, forced to pick up his morsel in sad solitude, seemed to submit to the humiliating station with sullen majesty.

Unnoticed by Miss Fairfax he had long followed her with his looks, and the instant she quickened her pace, the vicious animal ran towards her with such swiftness and fury, that if terror had not lent wings to her natural alertness, the consequences might

might have been dreadfully fatal. It was impossible for her strength to support the race for more than a few minutes; she therefore looked about her for the nearest place of probable safety, and thought she had found it turning out of her course, and gaining a situation upon a seat that surrounded a large oak, at the distance of two hundred yards from the place where the contest began; but though she stood upon the seat, and clung round the tree, it afforded little relief to her fears, or lessened her danger, for the creature, exasperated at the resistance he met with, had given her several blows, which, for the first time, made her scream out for help, and almost rendered her a victim to her own terrors.

Mr. Ormond had been so much engaged in pursuing his exercise, that he neither saw her approach or retreat; but hearing her cries, he flew swifter than his arrow to the spot from whence they reached him, and, with

with no other weapon than his bow, stun'd the creature by a well-directed blow levelled between his horns, and brought him to the ground. By this time Emely had fallen on the seat without motion, and without life. Mr. Ormond knew not what to do ; she might have been injured, or she might even have received her death wound before he came to her rescue. There was nothing in her face to assuage his fears of the latter ; death certainly had stamped his character on her countenance, but it was in its most beautiful engraving. The agony of his soul is not to be described when he found all his efforts ineffectual to restore her. He had borne her in his arms to the side of the river that ran near where she had fallen, and sprinkled water on her faded cheeks ; but when he drew off her gloves to perform the same operation on her hands and arms, examined their form, their exquisite fairness, and felt their soft impression ; the few powers he before

before possessed were taken from him, and his senses were for a moment in a state of suspension. Roused at length from his stupor, and almost frantic with contending emotions, he looked on every side of him for assistance, but finding none, afraid to leave her behind him, yet willing to go forward, though near a quarter of a mile from the house, exerting all his remaining strength, he carried her thither.

The servants that were waiting in the hall, the moment they saw him enter with Miss Fairfax senseless in his arms, gave violent screams of horror, and were setting out different ways to spread the afflicting tidings, but Mr. Ormond forbade them, in tones so authoratative, that not one of them dared to disobey him. Would you add to the tortures of this angel's death, the dissolution of your respectable lady? If not, forbear to alarm her, nor expect her to survive

survive the shock for which she is so wholly unprepared. Some of them proposed calling Mrs. Edwin, but this proposal he negatived, on finding she was in Mrs. Lewellen's chamber, and knowing it could not be done, without spreading the alarm to her.

By this time he had deposited his precious burthen on a sofa, in a distant apartment, and kneeling at her side, watched the effect of every new restorative administered by the house-keeper, who greatly relieved his humane apprehensions, by assurances that she did not believe it was any thing more than a fainting fit, from which there could be but little doubt she would recover, and her skill was very soon after ascertained, for having forced open her mouth, and thrown a spoonful of cordial down her throat, her lingering existence was announced by a deep sigh.

a languid pulse beat under his trembling fingers as they pressed her arm in search of the fugitives. He gazed at her in speechless transports till he saw the tide of life beginning to re-visit her cheeks, feebly pursuing its usual course, and gently repairing on her pallid lips the devastation made on them by the inroads of its conquering enemy ; it was then that Mr. Ormond started from his former position, and retired behind the sofa, against which the door opened, so that he could stay or retire as he thought proper without being observed, as she was soon able to articulate, and asked, with eagerness, " Where am I ? Where is Mrs. Edwin ? "

Dear Madam, said the housekeeper, thank God you are well now, and safe at the Priory, but keep yourself still, and do not speak yet ; only tell me, Do you feel hurt or bruised in any part of your

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body !

body ! She held out her left ankle, and said, she believed it was very sore. This was enough for Mr. Ormond ; the stocking must, he knew, be drawn off, and he made a sudden retreat. In passing through the hall, he told the affrighted servants, the young Lady was quite recovered, and left a message with them for Mrs. Lewellen, that he should have the honour of waiting upon her some part of the forenoon. He had heard the housekeeper name Miss Fairfax, when she was sent for to attend her ; and when he saw her after the accident, though then in a state of local death, he had recognized her to be the same lovely girl, whose conversation to the inhabitants of the Park had interested him in so uncommon a degree, at the moment, that he held it incumbent on himself to become responsible for their answers. In possession of this acquired and accidental knowledge, we shall leave Mr.

Ormond to pursue his meditative walk back to the farmer's where he lodged, and return ourselves to the Priory, where we hope to collect sufficient matter for another chapter.

C H A P. LXII.

WHILST Emely's own attendant was applying arquebusade to the bruised ancle, Mrs. Owen, the housekeeper, had been with the other two Ladies, and represented the accident that had befallen their darling, with such prudent caution, making so light of what it was, and dwelling so much on what it might have been, that in their joy for her deliverance, their alarms for the dangers she had been exposed to were greatly lessened, if not entirely suppressed. Mrs. Edwin flew to assist,

assist, and embraced the treasure that had so marvelously been preserved to them, whilst Mrs. Lewellen pronounced sentence of immediate death on the vicious animal, which, if permitted to live, though in banishment from her own village, may, in another quarter, be equally fatal to some of its inhabitants.

The moment Emely was able to walk, Mrs. Edwin led her to the chamber of her impatient grandmother, who received her as the gift of an intervening Providence, the magnitude of whose interposition she had not fully understood, till she beheld it marked in legible characters on the still deranged countenance of the victim it had rescued. She would not consent that she should go out of the room to lie down and recover her fatigue, but had her placed on the side of her own bed, and would have sent for her physician, but that she knew he was absent on business which

would detain him several days ; besides, her patient found means to convince her more by her returning spirits than merely words could have done ; that there was no real necessity for his attendance, and, before the breakfast things were removed, she declared herself to be as well as before the accident happened. She left the situation of ease in which they had tenderly placed her, and to strengthen her assertion, took several turns about the chamber ; then sitting down by the bedside, she entered into a detail, as far as she could remember, of the whole transaction, and ended with saying, “ I owe my life to your lover, grandmama ; but don’t be uneasy, for the good Mrs. Owen tells me he brought me back to the house, I can assure you I have never spoke to him, or seen his face, for before he came to take me up I was insensible to the graces of person, or the kind offices of philanthropy.

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The venerable woman forced a smile into her placid face, but at the same moment her sight seemed less dimmed by age than obscured by the tears that she strove to suppress, as they rushed to the surface of her eyes, trembling with eagerness to escape from their prison. Child, she replied, in the most cheerful accents, if my Ormond is of family and fortune equal to his merits, why, I think, I could be prevailed upon to resign rather than be forsaken. No! no! I do not owe the disgrace that threatens me to accident! The thing is premeditated—you did not speak to him—you did not see him—I allow your innocence, but not so immaculate do I hold the constancy of my Philander. He has heard you speak—he has spoken to you—he has seen you, and now he has the effrontery to send me word he means to trouble me with a visit, when but yesterday I might as easily have moved the mountain into my Park, as have pre-

vailed on the false one to come near you ! Yes, he says he will call this forenoon, how presumptuous ! The very day too on which he has dared to save the life of my rival : However, in support of my dignity, I will get up an hour the earlier, that I may be ready when he comes to give him such a reception as will be a warning to him, what sort of sentiments he is to expect I shall entertain for him in future.

Miss Fairfax pleaded that she might not appear in the presence of her preserver till he had passed through the fiery ordeal of her resentment ; but the prayer of her petition being absolutely rejected by both her friends, she said she knew how to be revenged on her grandmama at least, that in mere spight she would go to her toilet; and set herself off to the very best advantage ; then added, as to you, Mrs. Edwin, I must wait my brother's return before I can execute any plan of vengeance that
can

can make you repent the cruel part you have taken against my humble remonstrances.

This was the first time Mrs. Edwin had reason to suppose that Miss Fairfax entertained suspicions similar to her own, as to the Continental expedition, and whilst in her own strain of arch gaiety she made some reply to the sly threatener of mischief, the rouge of nature that instantaneously covered her cheeks, did not owe its brilliancy to confusion, but to the pleasure of finding her own hopes so much strengthened by the newly discovered surmises of the Colonel's sister.

We hope, dear readers, you have not set your hearts on a very tender, blushing, sentimental, or impassioned interview between Mr. Ormond and Miss Fairfax, because it will not admit of any such description, unless we are allowed to trans-

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pose.

pose the glowing expressions of affection, thankfulness and rapture, from the lips of eighty to those of eighteen; in that case, indeed, and were Mrs. Lewellen, our heroine, instead of Emely, we should have much to say, and the most ardent of our readers would not find themselves disappointed in their expectations.

When Mr. Ormond was presented to her under the title of her deliverer, his only reply was, that he thought himself happy to have been of service to Miss Fairfax; but begged leave to disclaim every pretension to merit on that account, for he had done no more than perform a common duty of humanity, which we can render into no other language than that he would have done as much for any other unfortunate woman who had been in the same predicament; even Mrs. Edwin looked surprised at the coldness of his address, but the mortification of the old Lady is not
to

to be expressed ; she expected at least to have seen him at the feet of her dear child, thanking heaven for having made him the instrument of saving such an angel from destruction : However, one person at least was satisfied, and Emely felt herself almost as much indebted to him for the polite, but general, notice with which he now paid her his devoirs, as for the protection he had so lately afforded her. It enabled her to meet his eyes without confusion, and to declare the gratitude of her heart without restraint. There are no female graces more enchanting than modest ease united to judgment and candour : Emely possessed them all, and Emely never appeared more captivating than on that day, that evening, the next, the following, the succeeding, for now Mr. Ormond was a more constant visitor than ever, and might be said almost to live at the Priory. His heart and his attentions seemed divided into three parts ; but this

he was not certainly discovered looking so often at Emely as at Mrs. Lewellen, or Mrs. Edwin, yet it was as certain that her lively ingenious conversation ever acted with the effect of a charm on his habitual gloom, and that he would often have recourse to the salutary medicine, which she ever administered with a sweet and sisterly freedom, unembittered by reserve, full of variety, and always palatable.

A fortnight had elapsed, and no letter from Lord Delborough, Emely had not leisure to puzzle out the cause of her uncle's silence; half her hours were dedicated to the amusement of her deliverer, and the other moiety in planning new occasions to convince him of her gratitude for the services he had rendered her in the moment of danger; every time she parted from him, that danger was magnified, because he had delivered her from it, and of course, every time she met him, there
was

was a proportionable increase of grateful sentiments, that sprung up in her artless mind; these sentiments had nothing to do with love, she looked, eat, slept as well, and was as lively, as engagingly unembarrassed as ever. Emely Fairfax was one of those very few young women, and that some such there are, we dare aver, who have too much native delicacy, we may say, purity, we may also add, dignity, to admit a warmer sentiment than friendship, for any man who does not seek to inspire it, and avow his claim to her affections, by honourably and openly declaring her the mistress of his own; these are the sort of females, that like our first parent, "must be wooed, and not unfought be won;" and we have so good an opinion of this almost obsolete maxim, that we recommend the revival of it to the serious consideration of all our fair readers. And why should not the fashion of manners be revived, as well as external modes? invention cannot last for
ever,

ever, and when we are forced to have recourse to the taste of our ancestors, surely it is for our own interest not to copy the gown or the head dress of our grandmother, but to take it from the remotest period of time, by which means, like a modern author, who pilfers his richest ideas from the works of antiquity, we are in little danger of detection, and on their merit we shall establish our own fame.

Emely could have lived in the habit of seeing and conversing daily and hourly with the most fascinating handsome and accomplished of mankind, without danger to her peace or her prudence; in Mr. Ormond she encountered all these qualifications, but her heart was as impregnable to him, as if he had been the very reverse of what he really was, and for this simple reason, that Mr. Ormond had never given her cause to suppose she was necessary to his happiness, and she was too wise to flatter

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ter herself with such a supposition. We believe, had he said to her, Emely I adore you, she would not have heard him with displeasure, or answered him with indifference; she would have credited his assertion reposed her faith on his honor, and gloried in her conquest; on the contrary, in all his visits to the Priory, in his general conversations, in his more particular *tête à tête*s, in his most cheerful or melancholy moments, the word love had never escaped him, and only on one occasion, did he ever pay a compliment to her person.

She was diverting them as they sat round the table after supper, with her observations on high life, into which she had indeed taken but a hasty peep in the short time she stayed in London, yet it was enough for the foundation of many pleasant remarks and entertaining anecdotes; she asked Mr. Ormond if he was one of what

what is called the fine men, and if he had lived much in London? when he was a child, he said, his parents were settled there, and he still remembered some occurrences that happened to him in his early infancy, but I leave you to guess, added he, if at that season I could have any possible pretension to the appellation of a fine man; well then, she replied; perhaps I know as much about them as you do, so on that score, we must not expect from each other enough information to pay ourselves for the trouble we should have in talking of them; amongst the fine ladies I am rather better acquainted; she then mentioned Lady Selina Dangle, in terms of rapture, wished fervently she might some day or other have the honor to call her sister, and added, it was the oddest thing in the world that her brother did not see so charming and amiable a creature, with as much partiality as she did; she was the most beautiful, condescending, lively, gentle, artless and sincere
of

of all human beings, though it appeared that her Ladyship's good qualities were not properly understood by one half of her acquaintance.

The pleasure she saw Mr. Ormond take in her descriptive exhibitions, visible in the undivided attention with which he listened to her, and the banished smiles they sometimes recalled to his woe stricken countenance, made her delight in exerting all her powers; and having taken as great an aversion to Lady Margaret Devero's *bauteur*, as she had expressed admiration for the opposite quality, so conspicuous in Lady Selina Dangle; she called on Mrs. Edwin for her assistance to contrast the two sisters, on the morning when they honoured her with a call in Grafton-Street, who, without borrowing from invention, or having recourse to caricature, did so much justice to the magnificence of her magnificent visitor, that Mr. Ormond seemed to have

have buried the recollection of all his misfortunes, and laughed immoderately. Indeed, the humour had taken such hold of him, that he could put no check to it, even when Miss Fairfax held up her more fascinating picture of Lady Selina, and repeated the beautiful lines on friendship, which were the acknowledged composition of her Ladyship, and so happily applied to her new friend, on their first introduction to each other; Emily told him she was half inclined to change her opinion of his good nature, as she could see he was more pleased with a subject of ridicule, than of panegyric. For instance, said she, I never saw any body so delighted as you are with Mrs. Edwin's fine lady, but instead of listening to me; all that I have been telling you of her charming sister, has gone for nothing, and whilst you should have been praising Lady Selina, you are laughing at her odious Lady Margaret.

Upon

Upon my honor I do not deserve this rebuke, returned he, I have not lost a sentence of your panegyrick; I laugh at Mrs. Edwin's haughty woman of quality, because the character is not more ridiculous than common, and the *tout ensemble* speaks such a likeness to the impertinent original, that I could not be better convinced of it, even if I had the misfortune to number her in the list of my acquaintance. When we examine a well drawn picture, marked by any prominent feature, we may venture to pronounce it a resemblance, though a stranger to the countenance from which it has been copied.

Oh! dear, do not mistake me, interrupted Emily, can you think I rebuked you for laughing at Lady Margaret, she is that sort of being, one must either hate or laugh at, and for self sake, it is better to be gay than angry; but why should you extend

tend your mirth to Lady Selina, whose character is the very reverse of her sister's.

Because, said he, I am an absolute infidel, where my faith requires that I should believe in the vows of friendship and poetical applications at a first interview; and from a woman who perhaps only *imagines* herself handsome, to another, that has undoubtedly pretensions to the *reality* of beauty; but if your Lady Selina is really an exception to my established opinion, be so good to inform me of my error, after having made a decent trial of her sincerity, and I will then ask her pardon.

The indirect compliment conveyed to Emely, in one part of his reply, was not received by her, or did she understand that she had any right to adopt it, for she was not always on the look out, like those pretty children who set traps for birds, butterflies, and fine speeches; neither was it the compliment

pliment we alluded to in a former part of our chapter; which being infinitely more direct, and applied with much greater energy, perhaps was not unregarded, uncomprehended, or unwelcome, and on the score of scarceness, only receives a supposititious value, that intitles it to a place in our history. Amongst the many little country and town anecdotes she was fond of relating, for the amusement of her hero; it may be supposed she did not forget to speak of her presentation at court; of her palpitations, her fears, her tremors, to describe the gracious countenances by which they were dissipated; to relate all that she heard, all that she saw, all that she admired, and in her description of Mrs. Ashford, the beautiful bride, that more than any other object in the circle, had fascinated her attention; the animation of her expressions, of her eyes and accents, had such an effect on Mr. Ormond's deranged state of nerves, that forgetting he

was

was not the lover of Emely, he laid his hand on her's, and exclaimed with vivacity, ah! Miss Fairfax, the charming portrait you draw, belongs but to one woman, there is not another in the world, to whom it can belong; the universe does not contain any thing half so lovely, so engaging, so interesting, so aimable, as you are!! At the conclusion of this unpremeditated exclamation, he started from his chair, caught up his hat, forced a smile into his face, nodded a silent adieu, quitted the room with precipitation, and left the ladies confused, silent, astonished!

CHAP.

C H A P. LXIII.

AT the usual hour, and with his usual unembarrassed ease, he appeared again next day at the Priory; nor did he take the least notice of any thing that had passed the evening before, only said to Mrs. Ewellen after dinner, I must be on my guard to day, Madam, against the powers of your Madeira, it was too much for me yesterday, it made me talk like a fool, and act like a madman. This apology fully explained to the ladies, that he did not wish them to remember what had passed on his leaving

leaving them the preceding night, and that the particularity of his compliment to Miss Fairfax, was fairly done away, which she had the good sense to think no more of, and the good nature to behave to him with the same kindness as ever; the other two ladies did not permit themselves to censure his mysterious conduct, it was the offspring of contending passions, in that light they saw it, *he* was unhappy, *they* compassionate and disinterested, and they made allowances for his behaviour, when it was not quite reconcileable to the rules of sound reason; they did more, they loved and pitied him.

Before Mrs. Edwin left town, she had sent her directions to the General Post-Office, to have their letters forwarded to High-Cliff, and one of the clerks, who owed his establishment to her good offices, had undertaken to discharge the trust, which she would not confide with her own porter,

or

or Thomas Parr, because it was possible, by their means; Lord Haverville might trace out their retreat, and follow his cousin; but if any letters were brought to her house by private hands, she had left orders to have them carried to her friend at the Post-Office, who, except Lord Delborough, was the only person that knew her address. They had been absent from London one month and four days, without hearing from any body, at the end of which time one solitary letter found its way to the Priory. Mrs. Edwin broke the seal with a great deal of pleasure, yet not quite so much as she would have experienced, had it come from Emely's brother, instead of her uncle. Though directed to Mrs. Edwin, the affectionate and grateful contents were equally addressed to both; it first informed them of his health, and next of his happiness; he said every thing had answered exactly to his wishes and their expectations; that if his son felt any

great shock, when informed of their sudden departure, he had acted wisely by concealing it; that he now behaved very properly; they were on the best terms in the world, and that in another fortnight he should recall the best of friends, and the dearest of children, who by their exertion had saved his son from dishonour, and himself from misery; he tells them how much their absence has been felt, and how deeply regretted, yet he adds, we are very gay; I have presented my dear Louisa to all the old and young I know, in or out of my family, as my daughter, the prop and ornament of my house; your friend Lady Selina is a pretty little arch girl, I hope she too will belong to us when Charles comes back; I am glad I do not hear from him, it is a sign he will be punctual, and when he does return, I fancy his nuptials will not be very much later than William's. I am much mistaken if he has not secured an interest in the affections of

Lady Selina, of which no rival will be able to dispossess him; she is a charming creature, and for the sake of my nephew Fairfax, never happy but with his relations; always with us at home and abroad; you must not be jealous Emely, but Louisa and she are the greatest friends that can be; they are as difficult to separate as substance and shadow. After saying some other things, which it is not necessary to quote, and just before he concludes his letter, he tells them, Lady Selina has swindled him out of a promise, to open his house for the reception of masks the following week, on the night of a public masquerade.

Such a letter as this was a great treasure to Emely, and there was but one that would have been a greater to Mrs. Edwin; how cruel is it, said she to herself, if Colonel Fairfax has seen my dear Henry, not to inform me of it!

When the Earl's letter was read to Mrs. Lewellen, ah! dear child, said she, you could not do too much for such an uncle as yours; even the conquest you gave up, and the sacrifice you make of your time to an old woman, is nothing to what I would do to shew my gratitude for his tender love to you; as a proof of my sincerity, write to him, tell him, that when he is tired of associating with the young, the gay, and the giddy, I offer him an assylum in my Arcadia; that I will be his shepherdes, and resign all the vanities of the world for him and rural felicity.

Is it for me, madam, you would resign them? said Ormond, who had that moment entered the room.

Vain young man! cry'd she, how dare you suppose it! holding out her benevolent hand, which he pressed affectionately to his lips; Mrs. Edwin and Emely gave him theirs

theirs also, but theirs were not distinguished by the same passionate impression; Mrs. Edwin's hand received a plaintive pressure, it was the pressure of stifled sorrow; he touched the delicate fingers of Emely, but it was the touch of circumspection. Oh! continued the chearful old lady, and had you really the presumption to suppose, that I would relinquish the vanities of a world, where I have been so very long established, to keep sheep with you! to be the shepherdess of Mr. Ormond, or Mr. any body else? no, truly! an Earl's coronet is to hang about the neck of every sheep in my flock; to be painted on my crook; embroidered on my straw hat, and flounced all over my rose-coloured petticoat; my views are aimed at Emely's uncle, the charming Lord Delborough.

It is good, said he, to know the extent of our evil destiny; any certainty is better than suspense, but as I never was threaten-

ed with your cruel intentions before, I hope they are taken up so suddenly on some agreeable news from England; he then asked Miss Fairfax if he might give her joy on the double occasion of hearing from her uncle, and Lord Haverville's marriage with Miss Beverly?

Something of trepidation attended the question, that seemed to say, do not, do not tell me they are married, for then you will be recalled, and I shall lose you for ever; the idea was natural, she was certainly an acquisition to the neighbourhood, and Mrs. Lewellen, in the pride of her heart, had long before whispered in the ear of her favourite Ormond, to what cause they were indebted for her appearance at the Priory.

Emely told him, that indeed she had the great pleasure of having heard from her uncle, but was not yet entitled to his congratulations

gratulations on account of the wedding, though the completion of her cousin's happiness was at no greater distance than a few straggling days, which would soon be over. Soon over! was echoed from Ormond's soul to his lips; but there the door was closed, and it reached no further.

She looked at him just as tender mothers look on their infants who are sick, but cannot, or will not, tell what they ail; his face was paler than common, and she fancied an unusual degree of sadness hung upon him; persuaded of the disease, the next thing was to find out a remedy, and she desired Mrs. Edwin would allow her to read certain parts of Lord Delborough's letter, such, she said, as were calculated to establish her own judgment in the choice of a friend, and make a convert of Mr. Ormond. Having read all that concerned Lady Selina Dangle, she added, with a smile, that seemed ready to

be followed by a tear, Well, sir, what have you to say for yourself, will you not retract from your stubborn unbelief, which my eloquence has not been able even to bend? Is not Lady Selina as much the favourite of my uncle as myself? and do you still require more proofs of her steadiness, before you grant her the place I am ambitious to secure for her, in your good opinion?

More proofs! retorted he, with an increasing degree of vivacity, highly flattering to the author of it, have you brought one single proof, with which I ought to be satisfied?

To be sure I have.

Will you have the goodness to repeat it?

Why, is it not as clear as the sun, in the continuance of her attachment to our family?

He

He only shook his head.

A girl like me, I allow you, might be deceived, but your sex are not so liable to error, and you hear what my discerning uncle says of her.

Yes; he says you must not be jealous; but that she has forgotten you, and given her friendship to another.

Forgotten me! I beg your pardon, there is no such expression; and if you knew Miss Beverly, you would know she has a claim to more than a regular division of every body's affections.

Divided affections! exclaimed he, heaven keep me ever, ever, from encountering affections that are divided. He was a little agitated, but instantly recovered himself by turning to Mrs. Lewellen, and adding, with address, "You see, Madam,

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what

what you have to expect from the slave of passion. I give you this specimen of my frantic humour, to deter you from ever again threatening me with a rival."

Ah! then, said she, what will become of my noble shepherd, and all my coropets? The conversation then took another direction, into which he artfully conducted it, as if afraid to trust his caution on a shore where it was possible it might be wrecked. He promised Emely he would renew the old subject after dinner; but did not keep his promise, or she remind him of it. There are certain people, who, let them talk how they will, or about what they will, are always eloquent, and no other topic can be half so interesting as that which engages the hearer's attention, whether it be the fall of a monarchy, or the fall of a horse.

CHAP.

C H A P. LXIV.

EVERY thing went on in its usual quiet way at the Priory for another fortnight, and without any additional letters received from England. One morning, earlier than the breakfast hour, and before Mrs. Lewellen had summoned the little party to assemble at her bedside, the fair friends employed themselves in watering a rose-tree, that had been many days brought out of the hot-house to ornament the room where they always sat before dinner. This tree, said Emely, how very

like it is to bashful merit, which all admire, but few will relieve. See, Mrs. Edwin, how the lovely flowers hang down their drooping heads, with half concealed blushes! Do they not seem to reproach the gardener's neglect, and demand assistance from us, who have been the most benefited by their sweetness? Instead of a reply from Mrs. Edwin, it came close to her ear on the other side, and in these words, "Am I never to surprise you without the double advantage to myself, of pleasure and instruction?" Ha! said she, starting, turning her head with quickness, and out-blushing the rose she was twisting about the stalk of its mother tree, How this voice follows me! it will destroy my nerves at last, if I do not get it conjured into the Red Sea.

When it becomes troublesome to Miss Fairfax, answered Ormond, in a solemn tone, it will be of so little value to its owner,

owner, that I care not what becomes of it ! We can find no more apologies for a cautious man, who begins to be so frequently incautious, nor could he find any for himself; his last expressions will bear no more similitude to prudence, than the colour of a rose now did to the beating burning cheeks of Emely. She was grieved, disturbed, anxious, and replied, hesitating, I—I—indeed, Mr. Ormond, I did not mean to — ; but you are so serious :— Do not be angry with me ; I never shall be tired of hearing your voice, nor Mrs. Edwin, nor Mrs. Lewellen.

No, indeed. Dear, Mr. Ormond, we never can be tired of either seeing or hearing you, said Mrs. Edwin, who saw the darling of her heart was in a plunge, from which she did not know how to extricate herself : Are you not the life of our society ? Could we exist without you ? But my poor Emely was a little surprised at
your

your early visit, which, I think, has no precedent, though not on that account the less acceptable.

You are very kind, very compassionate, he replied, with a look that fully explained the meaning of his words : I believe you understand me better than I understand myself; I am sometimes a dreamer, and talk oddly ! He paused a moment, then drawing a large packet from his pocket, added, I had almost forgot what was the business that brought me here so much before my usual time. These are letters for you, Madam ; my servant took them up when he called at the Post-Office. May they contain all that can make you happy. When I return, if Miss Fairfax has forgiven my intrusion, perhaps, she will indulge me, in her own charming manner, with what is going on in the great and gay world.

Forgive

Forgive you ! no, I cannot forgive you, because you never have offended me. Emely said this to Ormond—but Ormond was gone.

We mean hereafter to lay open the whole contents of the packet delivered by Mr. Ormond into the hands of Mrs. Edwin; but for the present must go back and examine when these letters left London, and how the writers of them were situated. This may not be the work of a moment; but we recommend it to our readers that, whether we are absent from the Priory a moment or an hour, they do not lose sight of the room where Mrs. Edwin and Emely are retired to read their packet of letters, and when we come back the door shall be opened, and we promise them they shall be at the breaking of the very first seal.

Open the door instantly, cries a commanding voice; let the seals be broken,
and

and the contents of those letters communicated. It was the voice of common sense, against which there is no appeal ; we therefore turn back, and submit our own flighty wills to her sober dominion.

LETTER THE FIRST.

“ Miss Beverly ! I shall certainly go mad ! Yes, Miss Beverly is off ! Gone ! gone from London ! Will not marry my son ! Do you think I can keep my senses ? Yet I am not so passionate as I used to be. Oh ! my Louisa, it was you that taught me to check the violence of my head-strong humour, and yet it is you that have forsaken me ! My dearest Mrs. Edwin, my dearest niece, you tried to save me, but without effect ! and now that you are away, who is there to sooth and comfort me ? Yet I would not have you come back, things may yet be accommodated, and I would not have that weather-cock,
Haverville,

Haverville, on any account see Emily again whilst there is a bare chance of bringing matters round. The boy is as sulky as the devil, and I can get no more out of him than I can from Miss Beverly. He says she has used him ill; that must be a ——. I will not swear if I can help it: I will say only a lye. She use him ill! who is herself all goodness, honour, candour, and gentleness. If my nephew Fairfax was at home he should make him eat his words! If she ever forgives him, so will I; but she must marry as well as forgive him, or he is no longer my son. Sir James Archer and his wife have taken my Louisa into the country. What a parting it was! I had rather they had taken my life! How affectionately did she kiss my hands! With what duty implore me to give her my blessing, and sometimes to remember how dear she had once been to me! I believe at that terrible moment I had as much of her filial love as if I had
been

been her father, and yet she resisted my intreaties to know in what that unlucky rascal had offended her ; and what do you think was her answer ? that in relinquishing the honour of a connexion with my family, she was not governed by caprice or resentment, but merely consulted the happiness of my son, and her own tranquillity, neither of which could be forwarded by the proposed alliance ; but that her reasons for forming an opinion so decisive, she did not think herself at liberty to divulge. I pleaded in vain. I said what a disappointment it would be to poor Charles, and Emely, she changed countenance, and asked if I could inform her of your address, and would permit her to write to you ? Of course I did both, for there is no chance now that she will tell my son where you are. Sometimes I think she has heard of the blockhead's being in love with his cousin, and yet how can it be ? for nobody knows his cursed folly but ourselves. Perhaps

haps his usage of the late Miss Davenport, now Lady Arrandelly ! What a charming creature ! yet in that affair he made me almost as great a villain as himself : However, the infernal business was over long before he saw Miss Beverly ; well then, if it has come to her knowledge, has she a right to resent it ? and of acting wrong I never shall accuse her ; so it cannot be that. Lady Selina Dangle thinks it is only a love quarrel, and takes great pains to find it out. She promises me not only to make the discovery, but bring about a reconciliation. This prospect consoles me a little, for I think her good-natured endeavours may succeed, as she pursues them with indefatigable diligence. The Archers and my angel have left town three days, yet her Ladyship calls to see how I do almost as often as usual. She has long conferences with Haverville, and I am pleased that he spends the greatest portion of his time at her house. I think it must come to something

thing at last, and though her designs are not quite compleated, yet she kindly tells me every day brings with it new cause to hope they will soon be accomplished, and all this trouble she is giving herself for me and my family, does it not spring from a motive which enhances the obligation, and doubly endears the service she renders me? My nephew will be happy; he deserves to be happy. My son will always be miserable; he is the carver of his own portion. Has Emely heard from her brother? What is become of him? I am so immersed in my unlucky domestic affairs, that I have not time to be angry with any body but Haverville, or I should resent to Charles that he is not at home. If he had kept to his time, then with Lady Selina's assistance joined to his own, I might soon have been helped out of my trouble; but do not the whole world find more pleasure in tormenting or disappointing me now that I am grown patient, than when I would have

have every thing my own way? It is a truth not to be disputed. I will allow but of two exceptions—a prudent wife friend in Mrs. Edwin, a gentle, obedient, and beloved child in my niece. All other friends and relations I disclaim, unless Fairfax can give a good reason for his absence, when I am so much in need of his presence.”

Thus ended letter the first, all but a very affectionate conclusion, which is to be found, or something like it, in a hundred other epistles, that make up a hundred other publications.

Good God! cry'd Emely, how strange is all this! how wonderful that such an alteration should happen, when every thing seemed going on so much in my uncle's own way, as he calls it.

Dear

Dear Emely. I am more terrified than surprised; I hope Lord Delborough is not seriously angry with Colonel Fairfax; I wonder where he can be, and what it is that detains him? Whilst Mrs. Edwin thus expressed her terrors, her wonder and her curiosity, Emely had opened Letter the second.

CHAP.

C H A P. LXV.

L E T T E R the Second.

PERHAPS, dear Miss Fairfax, you are already informed that I have left town, and relinquished all my pretensions to the honor of an alliance with Lord Haverville; the place from whence I date will confirm the intelligence, and tell you that I am now returned to the Grange, where I hope quietly to remain under the protection of my Brother and Sister Archer, till they are weary of me. Your uncle, who I love, for his goodness to me, ever
since

since I first knew him, I fear is displeased with my conduct. I have given him cause for displeasure, but I could not indeed, I could not avoid it; the world too will no doubt add their sentence, I shall be called coquette, unfeeling, capricious, yet I shall know myself innocent of these heavy charges, and that shall be my consolation. Good God! what did I not suffer at sight of the agonies my fixed resolution caused Lord Delborough, when I broke to him in the most guarded terms, that it was impossible I should ever be the wife of his son. I knew the strength of his passions, I dreaded them; I wish'd he had regarded me with less partiality; I almost prayed for instant annihilation, rather than be the cause and witness of his indelible anguish, than appear to him as I must have done, acting from levity; unsteady, unprincipled, ungrateful; my situation was too distressing, the recollection shocks me, I will try to shake it from my memory!

tho'

tho' I banish myself from his presence, he will ever hold my affections, respect and duty, as much his vassals, as if I had really been his daughter, and the wife of Lord Haverville. God forbid there should be a disunion of son and father on my account. I submit to bear all the arrows of malevolence, rather than a misfortune, that appears to me so terrible, should be the consequence of my own exculpation. My brother and sister are the only two people with whom I have reposed my confidence, and they are satisfied—I could wish my vindication to extend a little farther! that Miss Fairfax, from misrepresentation, may not believe me worthless, and discard me from her friendship. I desire not to exclude Mrs. Edwin, I prize her approbation too highly to forfeit it by my too great caution; let me obtain but their sanction, and let the rest of the world amuse themselves as much as they please at my expence; Lord Haverville will one day or other, by

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his own conduct, develope the mystery to them, without my drawing up the veil to satisfy their curiosity. What a task do I impose on you, my dear Miss Fairfax; I hardly think three sheets of paper will contain the whole of my narrative; when you grow tired, pray throw it aside, and take it up again at your leisure.

My sister has very lately owned to me, that for a long time, even before we came to town, both she and Sir James saw, and lamented a change in Lord Haverville's attentions; I declare, if I did see an alteration in them, it did not occasion me any regret; I found it much more agreeable to be loved by his Lordship with moderation, than with that extreme violence with which he first pursued me; but I will not animadvert; in pity to your patience, I will be as concise as self-love will let me. I even wave the repetition of my sorrow, when I found you had left London, without bidding

bidding me farewell, but shall only say, that your cousin assured me of his perfect sympathy ; we talked of you continually, and had scarce any other subject ; Lady Selina was every day of our parties, private and public ; she introduced us to her sister, Lady Margaret Devero, Lady Augusta Fotherton, Lady Charlotte Ogle, and twenty other ladies, whose names I do not remember. Lord Haverville has a very large acquaintance, my brother's house, as well as your uncle's, was crowded with fine people of all sorts and sizes ; my dear old Lord delighted to present me to every body as his daughter ; it was evidently his pride and his joy to do me honor, and I hope I did not so much discredit his choice, as to receive the compliments his partiality procured for me, either with impertinence or reserve. My brother now tells me, that on these occasions, my Lord did not acquit himself half so well, and that whenever he saw man or woman coming

towards him with a countenance expressive of congratulation, he turned away to avoid any particular application. Sir James's penetration, I dare say, did not mislead him, but upon my word I made no such observation. A public masquerade was advertised; it was afterwards put off for some days, and when it took place, it happened to be on the very night that the settlements were to be signed by your cousin and myself; for this reason I was averse to the performance of a promise which Lord Delborough had before given at the instigation of Lady Selina, that he would open his house for the reception of masks; I could not be heard, your dear uncle was inspired with a double portion of spirits; he would not retract, he said, and that it would be time enough to sign and seal, when the company were all gone, and we were left to enjoy our family party.—How wonderful are the ways of Providence, and how much more wisely
does

does it conduct us, than we could guide ourselves—what I so much wished to avoid, was to prove my greatest good, for 'till that night I never entertained a doubt, but that if all the women on earth were selected together, for the purpose of Lord Haverville's chusing a wife, I should have been the object of his choice—thank heaven I was overtaken by conviction, before I was surpris'd by repentance—Lady Selina desired to dress at my sister's, that we might go to St. James's-Square at the same time, and in the same carriage; our Grecian habits were brought home the day before; she was on that day to have dined with us, and I expected her every moment, but instead of seeing, I received a hasty billet from her, which informed me that her father had sent for her into the country, on what business she did not know, but that in obedience to the Duke's commands, she was forced to set off immediately, expressing her bitter sorrow at leaving

behind her the dear masquerade, and her still dearer friends.—I was then little acquainted with Lady Selina's heart, though a great admirer of her vivacity, and felt more vexation than I ought to have done, because disappointed of her enlivening presence at the awful ceremony of signing, which appeared to me, I hardly knew why, even more terrific than solemn. I believe it was a prescience that I should not be happy with Lord Haverville, though I did not then understand it. I saw his Lordship in the morning, before I got Lady Selina's excuse; I shewed him our dresses, and explained to him how he might distinguish one from the other, by the different colour of our turbans, for our habits were exactly the same, so you know is our size; the letting him into this secret, was a plan of her Ladyship's construction, as also that we were afterwards to deceive him, by reversing the signal; she said she longed to hear how passionately the charming

ing

ing Viscount would proclaim his extasies, when he found himself approaching so near the hymeneal temple, and saw the sleepy lawyers, roused from their long nap, ready to give him entrance.—When I have satisfied my curiosity, then, added she, I will tell him he is mistaken, and that he has all his raptures to go over again with the blue turban. When it was understood, we were to go without her, the whole scheme would have fallen to the ground, but for one of those whimsical fatalities, which promises nothing, but produces much. My sister had been pleased with the idea of imposing this little deceit on your cousin, and afterwards, as if merely for the jest sake, she said it must not drop, for want of a hand to support it, that she would herself appear in my habit and turban, whilst I should put on that which his Lordship knew was intended for Lady Selina, and not discover to him that she was absent; as to me, added my sister, as I am

neither young, handsome, or unmarried, nobody will think it worth their while to ask where I am, or what is become of me. She has since confessed, that having doubts both of Lord Haverville and our lively friend, she proposed, under this disguise, to ascertain, or renounce them. The first part of the evening his Lordship attached himself to her; he enquired for Lady Archer, was sorry she was confined at home by indisposition; was amazingly happy at the event, which would mark that evening one of the most fortunate he had ever experienced. Such, she said, were his words, but his voice was languid, his air embarrassed, and his spirits depress'd. These were my sister's observations; you know how remarkably we speak alike, so that the deception was passed on him without a chance of detection. I come now to my own share in the lucky adventure; for in what other light can I ever look back on a circumstance, that releases me for ever from

from a man, who would have married me from a point of honor, and not from inclination. I had separated myself from Lady Archer, when Lord Haverville left her side and came to me; he took my hand, and pressing it with fervor, whispered close to my ear, Dear Lady Selina, I am undone by your advice! retire with me a moment! for I must speak to you. I was startled, but gave him my hand in silence, and he led me to a room where only a few straggling maids were walking about, and we took our seats in a retired corner. I will confess, that my heart beat whilst I waited an explanation of the accusations which were addressed to me under my suppositious character, and if my repose was not wounded, my curiosity was alarmed. I trembled at the idea of being forced to speak, by which means, as I had from our retired situation no pretence for disguising my voice, he might have found me out before he had discovered himself; for some

dreadful mystery must be hid; I was very certain in the exclamation—I am undone by your advice!—but Providence, in this, as on other occasions, had taken me under its protection, and his own eagerness prevented the misfortune I dreaded. Lady Selina, cry'd he, seizing my hands, hear what I have to complain of, do not interrupt me by a single syllable, 'till I have done accusing you, and then assist me if you can—I answered by a motion of my head, and laying a finger on my lips, as like one of Lady Selina's expressive movements, as imitation could make it.

My God! continued he, why have you drawn me to the brink of a precipice, without shewing me a way by which I may escape; two hours hence, it will be too late to retrieve me from danger; have you no resource, no invention? you have promised me safety, yet I feel myself on the eve of destruction! I have been governed
by

by your commands, and have a right to your assistance; half the night is expired, you take no step for my relief; you walk about the rooms as composed, as if I was going to be the happiest man in the world; I would have told Miss Beverly my situation, she would have pardoned, pitied me, and been my advocate, but you, Lady Selina, you forbade me, on pain of your everlasting displeasure, to adopt a measure so full of uncertainty; and I remember you also said, Louisa is stupid enough in conscience, but not quite so mad, I believe, to give you up to a rival, without running to your father, and spouting out her own dismal tragedy to his partial ears; do you recollect how we fell out on this occasion, and I still hold my opinion, that Miss Beverly, (yourself, and ——— excepted,) is the very first of human beings; that if I had been fortunately headstrong, taken my own way, resign'd her love, intreated her friendship, and consulted her judgment, I

should have met her compassion, all would have been well, and by her means I might have gained my ——, the darling of my soul's affection, from the hand of my father.

I must here interrupt his Lordship a moment, to make an apology for myself. My dear Miss Fairfax, forgive me; that I have twice left a blank, where I might have substituted a name, the respectability of which is an excuse for poor Lord Haver-ville's inconstancy to me, and prevents my feeling half the mortification I might have felt, at hearing him talk of this tenderly beloved rival, had not that rival been as much my superior, in all other respects, as she is in personal perfections. I believe she does not know his Lordship's *penchant* for her, therefore her name is the only part of this mysterious business, but what I have most willingly revealed to you, hereafter, should he be so fortunate to ob-

tain her hand, nobody will wish for their happiness more fervently than I shall.

When Emely came to this part of Miss Beverly's letter, her colour forsook her. She burst into tears. Yes, cried she, it is I that am the wretched cause of her misfortunes, and she knows it! Delicate, generous Louisa! Artful, detestable Lady Selina! I marry him! I would rather unite myself to death than Haverville! Thank God! My love, said Mrs. Edwin, kissing her cheek, and wiping away the tears that glided down her face, thank God you have both escaped him! And now let me finish Miss Beverly's most ingenious, most charming letter, for I see you are at present too much agitated to proceed; nor will my impatience for the sequel allow me to wait till you are more composed. Miss Fairfax consented to the proposition, and the letter was continued, as may be found in our next chapter.

CHAP.

CHAP. LXVI.CONTINUATION OF MISS BEVERLY'S
LETTER.

I MIGHT have gained the darling of my soul's affection from the hand of my father, said Lord Haverville; but it is now too late! The writings are to be signed this evening: It is too late to throw myself on the mercy of Miss Beverly! It is too late for every thing!

No, my Lord, I replied, it is not yet too late! He started at the sound of my voice.

voice. I was then standing up, and had half withdrawn my mask. He fell against the back of his chair, and cried out, Miss Beverly herself! Then I am, indeed, ruined past redemption! I felt my eyes moisten; I am by constitution more inclined to commiseration than resentment, and I pitied Lord Haverville. From this moment my Lord, said I, we part for ever, and I put my hand on his arm; but let us part friendly.

Part for ever! exclaimed he, starting up, and pressing my hands to his bosom, "No, you are an angel, and nothing but death shall separate me from you! I have been guilty, but I am penitent. Pardon my errors; this once pardon them, I intreat you!" and he fell at my feet. I said, I would make him no answer whilst he remained in that posture. The eyes of four or five masques, at the further end of the room, were turned upon us. I observed this cir-

cumstance to him, and at last prevailed. He got up, but did not let go my hands till I withdrew them from his hard gripe, but not with anger. He urgently pressed for my reply. Would I only say that the preparations should proceed? Would I give him hope the settlements should still be executed that evening? Would I flatter him with the idea I yet might be prevailed upon to compleat his felicity? There was no time, he would not wait; no penance he would not submit to; no sacrifice he would not make, to retrieve the blessedness of his former station in my heart. I did not interrupt him as long as he chose to speak; but when he paused, and I saw his mind beginning to absent itself from the subject that had engaged him to exert all his constitutional vehemence. I said to him as mildly as I could speak, but also with as much firmness, I do not pretend, my Lord, to take from you the imputation of having merited my
dis-

displeasure : Could I do this, I should lose the gratification of saying I pardon you, which I now pronounce freely, unequivocally, and without restrictions. He was breaking out into one of his rhapsodies, when I stopped the current of his eloquence, by assuring him we did not yet understand each other, if he thought the pardon he had given me a *right* to grant him was a prelude to the continuance of our acquaintance ; on the contrary, my Lord, said I, to-morrow I shall leave London ; this night I take my leave of your dear and respectable father, and unless you are disposed to make him your irreconcilable parent, trust him not with the cause of our separation ; from me he shall never know it. I broke from his endeavours to detain me, joined my sister, and whilst I was telling her what had passed as we stood at a window, I saw Lord Haverville step into a carriage with another masque, and drive from the house. Sir James and Lady Archer

Archer had the goodness to sanction what I had done, and what I meant to do, with their intire approbation. I asked a private interview of Lord Delborough. With what joy did he indulge my request, and with what trembling horror was I obliged to plunge the dagger in his bosom, which I knew must destroy his tranquillity. The scene was too shocking for description, but I never, never, shall forget it! He certainly has reason to think me a wretch, without feeling, without gratitude; but I have preserved, at least, my own peace of mind, by not giving up Lord Haverville to his resentment. We set out for the Grange early the next morning; but as soon as we hear the family are returning, at least, if Lord Haverville means to reside with his father in this neighbourhood, we must seek for another asylum.

We here put an end to Miss Beverly's letter for the purpose of opening another,
the

the stile and sentiments of which are as unlike the former, as the difference of soul and sense could make them.

LETTER THE THIRD.

FROM LADY SELINA DANGLE.

Oh my dear creature, we are all in such a hurly-burly, such a charming confusion, that I hardly know where to begin. O yes but I do, for before I regale you with a word of news, I must have a grand quarrel with you child ! How dare you run away, and not tell me where you was going ; not leave word how I was to write to you ; not say to uncle, or cousin, or any of us, where you was going ; indeed I am downright angry with Mrs. Edwin, as well as you, and never would have forgiven it, if my servant had not seen your servant, by which means I found out, a letter might be conveyed to you by sending it to Dover-Street.

Street. How mighty odd all this is ; pray where are you my dearest Emely, my sweet friend ? what are they going to do with you ? not to marry you, I hope, to an odious country Squire, who will never bring you to dear London oftner than once in half a dozen winters. Oh ! if you love me, never think of that, I have better views for you child ; but not another word will I say of that matter, 'till I have told you all the wonderful adventures of the last four days. Do you know, that vile Louisa Beverly has jilted, yes, absolutely jilted that amiable creature Haverville ; I always knew what her insinuating gentleness, and pretended prudence, would end in ; but your infatuated uncle is still as much the slave of her artifices, as ever. Lord ! when I now go to see him, he is always roaring or whining about the wicked, fly, deceitful girl, the very same as if she had never come into his family, to set them all by the ears ; but she is pretty well understood

stood *now* amongst the circles, into which she was pushing herself without leave or by leave. For all *your* sakes, I do every thing I can to tumble down her would-be pretty exemplary Ladyship. I wonder what she did to draw Haverville into her snares ; he is really a beautiful fellow, and ten thousand times too good for her ; I am sure she must have employed some sort of witchcraft, but whatever the charm was, the effect soon wore off. And now my dearest friend, though I have a million of other things to tell you, I must first repose a secret of my own in your faithful bosom ; do you know, my sweet Emely, it is in my power to console your disappointed cousin, and I don't know what to do about it ; I told you the vile girl must have applied to magic for her short triumph, and if she had not basely deserted him, he would have forsaken her. Heigh ho ! this Cupid is a marvellous lover of mischief, or he would never have stolen from such a little designer

signer as that Louisa, the heart of Haverville, to lay it at my feet ; for there, child, at this precious moment, does it actually lye melting, bleeding, dying, to be taken up, received and cherished ; now I dare say it has been in the possession of a hundred ladies, and a thousand misses, before it was offered to me ; but all such foolish affairs are forgotten, and as he swares it shall be my faithful servant for ever, why, I have written his piteous case to my father, he is not in town. Oh ! such a ridiculous business as I can tell you about his Grace, but that will do for my subject when I am tired of love, and the dear adoring Haverville. Well then, I have, I say, written to my father, so has my enchanting lover ; we have just received favourable answers ; he is highly flattered with my conquest, but he has also, he says, applied by the same post, to my enamorado's father ; the duce take him, I think that was the silliest action, but one,
he

he ever did in his life; for though an alliance with us is the most suitable thing in the world, yet I have my doubts. I long to hear if old Positive will receive me graciously, though it does not signify, for I will be his daughter in spite of his teeth; I shall make Haverville take out an Archbishop's licence, to be in readiness, so with or without further consent, in ten or twelve days ———; a word to the wife—better be a young fool than an old one—and my romantic papa has set me such an example. Oh, you will die with laughing, but I am not come to his history yet.—yes, I will marry the son, without having the fear of the father before my eyes. If the old Lord should storm, rave, swear and cut capers about that detested girl, who has used his charming son so very very ill, my beloved Emely, my dearest friend, shall come back, soothe him into good humour; with his naughty daughter, and make him give me his blessing, whether
he

he will or not. By this arrangement we shall be all mighty happy, for I hate family quarrels; one never lives half so comfortable when one is not on good terms with the old folks; nor can one cut half the figure.—Lord! what a hurricane there will be in St. James's-Square, when Lord Delborough gets my father's letter; I hope it will not blow my pretty Viscount quite into shivers; your poor Selina will, no doubt, be execrated over and over; idolater as he is of his all-fascinating Miss Beverly; though the daughter of a Duke, I am sure he will set his face against me. Do you know, that to make friends with him, I have even told a million of lies, and he believes, poor man, I am using all my powers, to bring forward his own awkward plan of family happiness, by reconciling his son and his idol; a fine stroke of mine, merely to amuse him, yet he takes it seriously, and is quite tiresome with his acknowledgments for my
great

great kindness ; how should such an idea enter his head ! he might see his son's, my charming Viscount's inclination, if he would, it is plain enough when we are together ; but he will open his eyes only to see what he calls his son's misconduct, and the merit of his odious Louisa ; would you believe that he will not even allow she has used my dear Lord ill, true, upon my honor ! yes, he throws the whole blame on him ; was ever any thing so unjust ! I hinted something of the kind one day, he looked so angry, I thought he would have beat me. Lady Selina, said he, you are much too good to vindicate Haverville, at Miss Beverly's expence, whatever separates them, he only can be to blame ; Miss Beverly would not run from a venomous reptile, unless he turned to sting her, and then she would fly from, without harming him, as she has done from my unworthy son. I saw his Lordship was on the high ropes, and as I did not want to make a

quarrel of it, I seemed to be of his opinion, he gave me credit for my condescension, and we have been great friends since, but how it will end is the question; no mortal was ever more deceived in his Louisa than myself; Lord! I thought her exactly what she appeared to be, and after you left me, my dearest friend, you can't think how sincerely, and with what affection I attached myself to her; strangers might have supposed me her sister, from the violent fondness that every body heard me profess for her, but after her shocking behaviour! I never shall be able to endure her, and all the world are determined to insult her, if ever she has the impertinence to shew herself again. I suppose she is got into some low country intrigue or other, by her going away in such a mighty hurry. I beg of you, my dearest friend, never to speak to her again, if she should happen to fall in your way; I can't tell you how ill she has used my Lord; he is your relation, and as
one

one may say, at the head of your family ; it would be monstrous extraordinary if you did not turn your back upon her ! as to Lord Delborough, he is in his dotage, and it is already sufficiently understood, that a pretty girl has more ways than one, to fascinate an old man ; the idea is rational, and if this should be the case, why, *entre nous*, it would have been a drollish sort of connexion with Haverville. Her airs of breaking off, are not then without some cause, and one might find some modesty in her silence, some reason why she does not excuse her conduct ! well, now I come to consider the matter over again, it accounts for her running off, and hiding her head ; as to her telling the truth of her situation with the Earl, why, how could she, you know ! the thing would have been so laughable ; no, positively, she never could have told it. I am glad, my dearest friend, to have found out a bit of ground, where something may be said for a young woman

one has liked and lived with a good deal; I am ready to say a kind word, whenever there is a little possible opportunity; and though you and I, and the world, have done with her, yet I am glad that the poor creature is not quite deserted; she will be punished enough in being forced to shut herself up with that frightful Sir James Archer, and his ugly wife; these old lovers are always gallant to their favorites; your uncle gave his Desdemona a masquerade; it was then, I suppose, her conscience upbraided her with what she was going to do, for the writings were to have been signed that very night. Lord! how the lawyers must have stared, when they heard the bird was flown, for she had bounced off like a rocket, after a long and *private* conference with her old friend. You must excuse me for speaking so freely of your uncle, I mean no earthly reflection on his share of the *faux pas petit manœuvres*, one should be singular indeed

to

to divide the censure. I have read in a play, either tragedy or comedy, I don't exactly know which, a sentiment or moral, or whatever you call it, that says, "'tis woman that seduces all mankind;" I remember the words, because they convey a general compliment to our sex, and I repeat them, because I think them applicable to the case of Lord Delborough, and his cunning seducer, the *famous* Miss Louisa Beverly. Now you must know, my sweet Emily, I was to have been of this masquerade party, and it was a thousand to one I did not go, it was the most whimsical thing in nature that prevented me, and having now nearly done with my own history, I shall take up that of my pretty papa; oh what a jewel it is! my dress was to have been a Grecian habit, white and silver; demure. Madam Louisa's the same with mine, which was so beautiful, that I actually cry'd with vexation, when on the same day I was to have put it on, I got an authori-

tative mandate from his Grace of Angrave, to leave town immediately, and join him at Sir Arthur White's; I positively would not have obeyed him, but that he hinted to me, in one corner of his unwelcome note, my presence there would be of considerable advantage to myself. When you and I were at the drawing-room together Emely, I saw somebody there, whose appearance put me in mind, that I had never told you the whole life and adventures of my brother George, which I should have done in a day or two, if you had not given me the slip so unexpectedly; but as you knew them in part, I shall have no occasion to describe Mitfort-Abbey, or its precious inhabitants. Lord help me! what a journey I had of it; nobody in the chaise with me but my own woman, who never answers, though you was to ask her a thousand questions, but yes, my Lady, and no, my Lady; besides, I had left behind me all that was worth pursuing, and only

only carried with me the tiresome reflection, that I was going to meet a parcel of people, I would have gone much further to avoid meeting at all. I was not in my best humour, or most agreeable moments, when Sir Arthur himself came to the door, and help'd me out of the carriage, bowing, scraping, squeezing my hand, as if he had been possess'd, and thanking my Ladyship for the great honor I condescended to do his family, by obliging them with my company at so short a notice; he had nothing to say in defence of himself or Lady White, but that they had submitted to the commands of his Grace. I thought the man quite distracted, 'till I saw my father, and found out, that there are degrees in madness, that Sir Arthur was only touched by the malady, but my poor papa absolutely stark staring; he received me alone, for my master of the ceremonies had let go my hand, before I entered the room of audience. Selina, said he, I sent

for you to be present at my nuptials ; nuptials, papa ! cry'd I, in a mild imploring voice, for I was terribly afraid he would do me a mischief, as I saw him at large, nor heard the clinking of chains, by which it was possible he might have been confined, without my knowing it ; surely your Grace is indisposed, added I, pray give me leave to call assistance ; and I thought it vastly odd, that if he was neither deranged or intoxicated, such a dutiful and affectionate speech as I made him, should be received with frowns of anger and flashes of passion ; but so it was, and I at last found out what was the matter with him, and that instead of being troubled with a flighty imagination, it was a paroxysm of serious folly, by whose council he had form'd the rash resolution, to take unto himself a wife, and to treat me with a mother in law some months younger than I am ; however, he afterwards explained his reasons for committing this sort of living

ing suicide, so much to the interest of his family, and so much to my satisfaction, and made me so many fine presents, that when we were joined by Lady White, with her ambling ward, Miss Palmerston; I received my mamma elect, in the most gracious manner you can conceive; Sir Arthur and his formal rib, next received my compliments, and from that moment, 'till ten in the evening, which was to be the hour of execution, we were all as happy as fond looks, gentle sighs, bashful monosyllables, unmeaning blushes, and awkward expectation could make us.—Well, at ten the black man took up his book; we were all on our feet in an instant; the bride held so fast by my arm, I thought she would have broke it; my father had secured her other hand to himself; Lady White pretended to cry, and actually put a handkerchief to her eyes, but I could see she was ready to burst with importance; Sir Arthur's solemn fiz was spread over with smiles, like a twelfth

night cake with sugar ; Gardy Pearce, and two or three other odd people were present, but I do not know who or what they were, for almost as soon as the farce was over, we were left to ourselves—a cat might have laugh'd, (I do not mean an old woman,) to have seen the hugging, and kissing, and embracing, and giving joy, and tossing it back again; and to hear your Grace, and your Grace's, and my Lord Duke ! and my Lady Dukes ! that made up the rest of my evening's entertainment ; whenever I thought of the masquerade, I wished them all a hundred feet under ground. I desired to be dismissed the next day, and came back to town loaded with presents, both from papa and mama ; however, I am restricted to absolute silence for six days ; the equipages will then be ready, the marriage declared ; I shall go to meet them, as will my sister Devere ; she was invited, as well as me, to the wedding, but having so much less duty

duty than myself, she would not break her engagements to please her father ; I am allowed to tell her the secret, but I reveal it to you without permission ; however, before you can answer my letter, it will be known all over the four quarters of the habitable globe ; for as I was saying to my dearest friend, we are to meet the bride folks, did I tell you it will be next Thursday, and escort them to town with such a glare of finery, and such heavy magnificence in our suit, as will put out of countenance all other state marriages since the creation.

Miss Palmerston, I beg her pardon, the Duchess of Angrave I mean, presented me a superb set of jewels, and when I shewed them, and all my other gifts, to Lady Margaret, you can't think how vexed and peevish she looked. I could swear that for once she repented her disobedience, and wished she had fetched them as I did.

She did not quite own as much, but she said she supposed they meant to make her the same acknowledgment of their affection when they came to town, and that she should certainly go to meet them. I don't know whether you are in heaven or on earth; but tell me, my dear Emely, my sweet friend, when will you come back again to your Selina, and coax her into favour with your uncle; the deed will be done, and then I have nothing to trust to but your endeavours to patch us up a little. When you write to the Colonel pray tell him what a horrid girl that Louisa has turned out. He will be quite surprised to hear it, I dare say. All young men ought to be guarded against such artful creatures: I am more afraid for Col. Fairfax falling into her snares than I should have been for my brother, if he had been thrown in the way of them. She had begun to cast her spells round the Colonel before he left town, and I am sure he was

as

as blind as his uncle, for often when, in a friendly way, I have only hinted to him that she had a fault or imperfection, he never would allow it; and always tried to persuade me she was a divinity, and of course you know that I could be no better than a poor mistaken mortal; it is a hundred chances to one 'now that she is found out, if he will be made to believe any thing bad of her; the difference is, my brother would have seen through her in a moment. I never beheld any thing like George's penetration. Ah! my sweet friend, George has the finest eyes you ever saw in your life, and when he has once set them on your dear face, I am pretty certain he will shut them against all other beauties as long as he lives. Do you know, child, it runs strangely in this giddy head of mine, that whenever you meet you will both fall in love, play the fool, marry, and live happy ever afterwards, or at least as long as you can. There is no impediment

ment now to your being my sister. Papa has taken George's heavy burthen on his own shoulders, so you may return as fast as you please, for I say it again, you must and shall come together, unless you stand so much in your own light as to stay where you are, till one of the hundred fair maidens, who have been watching for him these six years, has made him her prey, and bound him in shackles before he has an opportunity of seeing his own proper half: I love you for him already, consider then that I am his proxy, and let me find you tenderly disposed towards him. He is not yet come home, but must have left Paris by this time, so that we expect to see him every hour. Come then to your Selina, my dear lovely Emely, for I am dying to see the first meeting between you. I don't know how it may be with you, but George I know will be planet struck; it is all a first sight matter in our family.

He

He has been once mad for love already. Don't make him quite so bad again, if you can help it. You saw the woman who turned his brain at Court. She was his governor's daughter, and quitted him for the handsome Ashford ; yet George, I must say, he is a thousand times handsomer ; but handsome brothers are nothing to us, unless we can make them useful to our friends. Oh ! how I shall adore my brother George when he has given me a sister ! Emely ! Emely ! I love you better than my old papa, new mamma, sister, or brothers. I am not quite sure, but I love you more than I do Haverville. You know what a compassionate soul I am. His case was so deplorable, his attachment to me so uncommonly steady, so violent, so tumultuous, what could I do ? If I write to my sweet sister again, before I have the great felicity to assure her in person of my fervent, un-

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alterable

alterable friendship, I shall certainly have changed one name for another ; but in subscribing Selina Haverville, she will lose none of the eternal affection I bear her as,

SELINA DANGLE.

CHAP.

C H A P. LXVII.

THIS curious letter was not began and ended without many interruptions ; exclamations of horror, astonishment, and detestation, prolonged the excruciating examination of the most treacherous heart in the world, thus laid open to inspection. Mrs. Edwin having formed a very different opinion of Lady Selina, from what poor Emely had established, saw the mask torn away which had concealed the features of her Ladyship's distorted mind with

with more abhorrence than surprise. The grief and resentment expressed by Miss Fairfax was mingled with the extreme of astonishment, and may be accounted for by the little intercourse she had been accustomed to hold with the younger part of her sex.

What are you going to do, my dear ? said Mrs. Edwin, who saw her sit down to write. You shall see in a moment, she replied, her voice broken with emotion, her mild eyes animated by a spark of divine fire, that the detection of perfidy ever kindles in the bosom of innocence. You shall see, and taking up a pen, she wrote —. “Miss Fairfax allows herself to have been the victim of imposition. She returns Lady Selina Dangle’s letter, to the contents of which she is indebted for a compleat victory over a too strong and imperious credulity. All her powers of friendship are so decidedly pledged to Miss
Beverly,

Beverly, that she has no returns of gratitude to make Lady Selina for the honour of her confidence, and the offer of its continuance."

Mrs. Edwin approved the spirited reproof contained in this little billet; but was not altogether so sure that returning the letter itself was quite political, as by keeping it in their own possession it might, at some time or other, be of use to Louisa; should the plan of defamation be pursued as vigorously as it had been begun; a summons to breakfast left them undetermined on the material question, when it was agreed that they would refer it to Mrs. Lewellen's unerring judgment, and Mrs. Lewellen desired Mr. Ormond might be sworn into the Privy Council, and be also consulted.—My dear children, said she, you both want my experience, or you would know that, bad as is the present age, there have been wicked people in all ages,

ages, more particularly the passions of envy and malevolence, have neither increased or diminished since the days of Cain; nor have there been ever a less proportion than of ten Lady Selina's to one Louisa Beverly, or one Emely Fairfax, of course the combats of artifice and candour have generally ended in favour of the strongest party. Now in all my observations on those occasions, for as I had never beauty enough to make any woman my enemy, of course could not be personally engaged in these unequal battles, I have found that one man of principle and honour taking the weak side, and supporting the cause of oppressed candour, is infinitely more to the purpose than all that twenty women, with forty hearts between them, could or would effect. Mr. Ormond is a man of principle and honour; at present he lives in retirement, but from a thousand circumstances I am sure he will mix again with the world, and he may hear that name vilified, which deserves to be held

held in the highest estimation. Miss Beverly's fame should not be suffered to split on the rock of silence; the generosity of her motives should not be intirely concealed, and only the supposed caprice of her conduct openly avowed. If you intrust Mr. Ormond with the contents of all these letters now before us, it will not be a breach of trust to Miss Beverly, but a caution, by which her future repose may be guarded; it is only putting the weapons of her defence into his hands, who is too wise and too discreet to use them without discriminating between avoidable and unavoidable occasions.

At the conclusion of this sensible proposition, Mrs. Edwin declared her perfect coincidence; nor was Emily at all behind hand in testifying her great satisfaction with even more than her usual warmth and vivacity, adding, I am sure, grandmama, Mr. Ormond will owe much of my esteem to your good opinion of him: but, alas! this
fine

fine arrangement signified nothing, Mr. Ormond did not come near them the whole day : Mrs. Lewellen sent a message after dinner, to enquire at his cottage what was become of him ; but neither the farmer or his wife could say any thing more than that he went out after he had breakfasted, and had not come back since. Emely was *perplexed* as the evening advanced. She talked of nothing but Louisa. We cannot say she thought of nobody but Louisa, yet whatever she said, or whatever she thought, it did not relieve the oppression that evidently hung upon her spirits.

The clock had struck nine ; the Ladies had come out of the drawing-room, and were just sat down to supper when the house bell rang, and Emely letting drop her knife and fork, which she had just taken up, cried out, " I dare say ' it is Mr. Ormond ! " His name and himself were announced nearly at the same moment.

Every

Every animated countenance spoke pleasure at his entrance. An extended hand from each Lady bid him welcome, yet was he chid by them all for absenting himself so long from their society without letting them know his intentions when he called in the morning. He looked rather at a loss, and his eyes were fixed on Emely, in that sort of way which seemed to say, they had rested there without the authority of their master.

Well, said Mrs. Lewellen, I see you can make no excuse for yourself, so come and sit down by me, and I will try to find one for you. Emely moved down a little lower to give room for his chair between them. The same action would have been civil in Mrs. Edwin, but it somehow or other escaped her, though he was actually standing at her side when Mrs. Lewellen gave him the kind invitation of sitting next her, and without any violent symptoms

symptoms of reluctance he took the chair provided for him on the old Lady's other hand, and casting his arm round the back of that in which Emely was placed, he replied, with a forced effort of cheerfulness, "Now, my dear Madam, what have you to say for your poor protégé, who has nothing to say for himself?"

Why, returned she, smiling, the apology I shall make to my friends, for your omisions to them, shall be taking the whole blame on my own scanty attractions, and telling them that you are tired of the officious civilities of an old woman.

For heaven's sake, say not so! cried he. My God! can Ormond ever tire of you, of your friends, or the Priory? Let me speak, let me tell you what has occasioned my absence. No, I cannot do that neither, so let it stand as it is; only in the name of

pity, do not say again Ormond is tired of his happiness !

There was a pathos in his voice and manner, that immediately silenced her on a subject that seemed to torture his imagination, and Emely, for the ninety-ninth time, recollected what he had said to her early in the day, without being any more able to account for his confusion now than she was then ; but it was as clear as the meridian light that she was in some degree the cause both of his morning and evening agitation. He had said too much not to be understood, and too little for a man of honour to have said, who meant that she should understand he was seriously attached to her, this is our own observation, for it never occurred to Emely that Ormond could ever do or mean any thing that was not perfectly right, though his behaviour might sometimes, even to her, appear *outrée* and unaccountable. He

complained of fatigue, declined eating, but asked Mrs. Edwin if she or Miss Fairfax could not regale him with some news from London ?

Mrs. Lewellen looked towards the drawing-room, for the servants were waiting. The hint was instantly adopted, and Mrs. Edwin told him, as he refused his supper, she would place within his reach the repast he wanted, giving him the packet of letters ; in these, said she, you will have a proof of the confidence we repose in you ; but as the entertainment I serve up may detain you half an hour, I wish you would retire to the next room, and when you have well considered the different ingredients of the high-seasoned *malonge*, come to us again, and give us your opinion of the whole composition.

I am gone, said he, rising.

But

But stop a moment, cried Emely, and let me first have your pardon for presuming to set up my own judgment in opposition to yours. I promise I will never more quarrel with you about my friend !

Then you have found her out ? said he.

No, indeed, returned she, I have done no such thing : I never should have found her out ; it is she that has discovered herself. He had just then reached the door he was to enter ; he turned, nodded a silent but significant reply, went in, and shut it after him.

He had been absent scarce ten minutes, when Emely cry'd out, hark ! if ever I heard Mr. Ormond's voice in my life, I hear it now !—they all listened, and were convinced it was not only his voice, but that he was singing, and they had never heard him utter a musical note before.

How strange this is, said Mrs. Edwin ! she had time for no more, he rushed out upon them, the open letters in his hand, singing a few words, which Emely very properly supposed he had made for the occasion, and thought they contained all the sense and all the harmony that ever was combined together, tho' evidently announcing her own defeat and his exultation ; these admired words were no more than " NOW I TRIUMPH, TRIUMPH, TRIUMPH ;" and to do our heroine's taste, as much judgment as we can, it must be allowed, that the sound of his voice, which was manly and melodious, gave a remarkable strong expression to the sense of his subject.

There, said he, flinging the letters down on the table, there, my charming antagonist ; do you, will you, confess my victory ? have I not done it already ? replied she, smiling on him, with ineffable complacency, but you are not half so generous as I
would

would have been, had the conquest been mine, and you like me, had humbly confessed your error, I would not have made songs of triumph over my fallen enemy.

That is true, said he, sinking down at her feet, and never will I rise again, 'till you pardon my insolence. He had taken both her hands, and pressed them so often to his lips, that poor Emely pronounced his forgiveness with haste, trembling, and trepidation; the other two ladies were delighted to see him in such lively spirits, and could no longer doubt of his having a very tender predilection for Miss Fairfax. Set down soberly, and tell us, said Mrs. Lewellen, what is your sentiments of Miss Beverly's unequalled sweetness, propriety, dignity and generosity. Oh! said he, clasping his hands together, may she but think of me! could I but suppose such a treasure is reserved for me! what an extactic reward for all the troubles, storms

and tempests, that have gone over my devoted head, and clouded the morning of my gayest hopes.

Yes, replied the good lady, in an accent of disappointment, she is certainly a divine girl, but I am rather surpris'd at hearing Mr. Ormond break into such passionate expressions, on the mere credit of our assertions; she looked grave, but he did, or seem'd not, to hear her words, or see the change in her venerable countenance, but again taking up the letters, he ask'd permission to finish them, and confess'd he had not yet look'd into any of them, but Lady Selina's, even that, he said, had received only a partial examination, his attention being confined to particular parts of it, necessary to the completion of his own triumph on a certain occasion, the transports of which he had not been able to constrain from breaking out, before he had finished the task assigned him—what
had

had before escaped the ladies observation, that Mr. Ormond, in the course of his rambles, must have met with some entertainer, more hospitable than wife, who had sent him back in a state of inebriety, now struck them all so forcibly, that smiling on each other, instead of entering into a further confidential conversation, Mrs. Ley-ellen proposed, (and her two fair friends seconded her motion, with so much good humour, coaxing him like an infant) that the subject might be waved 'till the next day; that though his situation was that of a very unsteady man, he was not the less ready to understand their intelligible hints, and seizing Emely's hand with vivacity, he cry'd out, well! then, since my secret is discovered, I will no longer deny that I am intoxicated, that I have been betrayed unexpectedly, into my present state, by some cheerful friends with whom I chanced to meet, and dearly love—their society was too charming to leave me master of my

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reason,

reason, but I vow to heaven, I did not know my own situation when I entered this house ; forgive, therefore, dear Miss Fairfax, and plead the pardon of an unintentional offender, whose head is giddy, and whose heart is light ; I hope I have not been very impertinent, but I fear I have ; do not let any thing I have said or done this night, rise up in your memories, to accuse me when I call on you to-morrow. You are the most rational, irrational being I ever met with, said Mrs. Lewellen, we will all shake hands with you, in token of amity, love and good-will ; she immediately set the example, which was cheerfully followed by the other ladies, and now, added she, Mrs. Edwin shall put these letters up 'till to-morrow, when we will produce them as early as you please, the sooner the better ; in the mean time, go home my dear child, get to bed as fast as you can, and try to recover your composure ; two of my men shall attend
to

to take care of you, and see you safe home ; 'till this last proposal, he seemed beginning to collect himself, his looks had acquired some degree of placidity, and his voice of steadiness, but the offer of two men to guard him home, gave so pleasant a turn to his humour, that a sort of convulsive mirth brought tears into his eyes, which at last ran down his cheeks, as if he had been under the influence of sad, rather than merry ideas ; and Emely, whose hand he had again inadvertently taken in his, cry'd out, dear Mr. Ormond, let go my hand, or you will squeeze it to death. I beg your pardon, I beg all your pardons, said he, in a voice hardly articulate, there is no standing this ! when starting up, good night, good night, he cry'd, and flew out of the room, but putting in his head again, after he was got outside the door, they perceived he had no hat, and whilst he was charging that the two guards might not be dispatched after him, Emely had picked up

his hat, and carried it to him ; we do not know if she repented her kind condescension, when, as she held it within his reach, he sprung forward, threw his arms round her, press'd her to his bosom, and exclaimed, Emely, dearest beloved Emely, will you except the hand, the heart, the soul of your Ormond !!! His action had made her eyes sparkle with anger, as she indignantly tore herself from him, but his words covered her beautiful cheeks with blushes, that derived not their birth from repentment or indifference ; she flew back, not to her own, but to the seat he had quitted, and her head fell on the bosom of Mrs. Lewellen ; dear grandmama, she cry'd, hiding her face, and concealing her emotions, answer that strange man, I am terrified, indeed I am ! Mr. Ormond, said the respectable woman, with a gravity bordering on displeasure, you are very unaccountable, and to-morrow I shall think myself entitled to an explanation of
your

your mysterious conduct.—To-morrow ! madam, and why defer my bliss 'till to-morrow ! why condemn me to a night of torments ? I cannot endure suspense ! I will not quit this house, I will not leave your revered presence, 'till my fate is decided !—You ask what I dare not grant, she reply'd, in a tone of mild compassion ; go now, and let me see you in the morning ; dear Ormond, I have no doubts of your honor, but your present situation is not an eligible one for beginning a subject of delicacy and deliberation.—Oh ! said he, you have mistaken my situation ; I am intoxicated, but it is with hope, with the expectation of exquisite happiness. I call heaven to witness, no refreshments have passed my lips this day, since I parted from the object of my adoration, and he sunk down at the feet of Emily, where, as nobody seemed inclined to interrupt him, he made her once more a tender of his heart and hand, in terms so unequivocal

and passionate, that when his story was told, and she had lifted off her eyes, only to cast them on him, they were swimming in tears, and fraught with expressions of modest, tender, reciprocal affection. Mrs. Lewellen and Mrs. Edwin, were scarcely less penetrated than herself, with the manly, frank, and ardent explanation, by which he accounted for his former inigmatical conduct towards their beloved, their darling child; but it was not, 'till after Ormond had received their full approbation, and the white unreluctant hand of his divinity, that he requested the blessing might be withdrawn from *Ormond*, and be again conferred, with the same gracious sweetness, on the transported *Greendale*, who, by his father's marriage with Miss Palmerston, was now his own master, and resigned himself for ever to the extatic rapture of loving, and being beloved, by the only woman on earth, to whom he would owe his happiness. Having let our readers

ers into so much of the business, it would be impertinently officious in us to suppose they cannot account for every thing that has gone before, and that they are well satisfied with the Marquis and his manoeuvre ; we shall therefore only observe, that when he so abruptly left his father's house, it was a lucky fate that conducted his undetermined steps to the village of High-Cliff.

C H A P. LXIX.

HAVING acquainted the ladies that it was his intention to set off at a very early hour the next morning, that he might see the Duke, to obtain his sanction, and afterwards return, with all possible expedition, to reconduct them to England, he bid them a thousand adieus in one, went back to his humble lodgings, where, instead of going to bed, he ordered his horses, and with the velocity of a lover, who calculates moments for days, in the absence of his mistress, reached a post town,

town, got into a carriage, and without taking off his cloaths, or waiting for refreshment, 'till he put himself on board the passage boat, or after he landed from it, 'till at the end of three days, from that on which he left the Priory, he found himself not only at the house, but even in the arms of his forgiving and delighted father. His Grace's marriage had been announced to the world two days before the Marquis's arrival in town; the bride's splendid *entre*, and appearance at Court, had excited general admiration, some surprise, and a great deal of wonder; but admiration, surprise, and wonder, being short lived sensations, they were now extinct, and superceded by curiosity, which had crowded the streets round Angrave House, with such an inundation of chairs, carriages and servants, that Lord Greendale was obliged to get out of his chaise, and walk at least two hundred yards, before he could get to the door; he avoided the reception rooms,
and

and took shelter in a small library, where the Duke received his people of business; from whence he dispatched a message to his father, but charged the servant to deliver it privately, in particular not to mention his being there, to Lady Selina, 'till he had first seen the Duke; her Ladyship, my Lord Marquis, reply'd the man, is gone to France with her Lord; she was married to Viscount Haverville three days before his Grace and the Dukes came to town. At that moment his father, who had heard of the Marquis's return, by some of the other servants, came into the room, and when his son would have kneeled at his feet for pardon, he tenderly embraced him, and cry'd out, whilst tears of joy sprung to his eyes, my good boy, my dear George, I forget every thing, I forgive every thing, I have been wrong, but I will make you reparation, you are now a free man, and I have purchased your liberty with my own.

It

It is much more easy to suppose what returns such a reception met with from the Marquis than to describe them ; it is enough if we declare, that, at the end of a long conference, the Duke was the most satisfied of fathers, and Lord Greendale the most grateful of sons. He found but one obstacle to his wishes when he opened his heart, and exposed the portrait of its amiable possessor, and even that one was got over without much difficulty. His Grace said, that when Lord Haverville and his daughter asked him for his consent to their union, he had written to Lord Delborough, who having, though he must own with great candour and politeness, rejected his alliance, he should hardly know how to submit to a second application ; not, said he, that I am angry with, neither can I blame him. His son had made a prior choice, and I wish Selina may not feel the disagreeable effects of supplanting a rival, who had strong, prior and honourable claims

him on his affections, I wrote to her immediately, and commanded her to drop all thoughts of the Viscount, however she chose to marry him; and only left a few lines behind her, to let me know they should pass a year or two on the Continent, by which time she hoped the old Lord would have made his exit, and that she should return Countess of Delborough.

The Marquis assured his father, that far from wishing to subject him to any kind of inconvenience, he only requested his Grace's permission to lay his proposals before the Earl, who, he had no doubt, would convince his dear father, that he would never have rejected an union with the house of Angrave, but from a particular point of honour, which had no reference to the situation of Miss Fairfax or his own; to account for his Grace's indulgence to every request, and every wish of his son. In this interview it will be necessary to say,
that

that poor Jenkins was returned from his unsuccessful enquiries on the Continent to ask permission to embark for China, having accidentally met with a marine officer abroad, who, in his voyage home, had dined on board one of the Company's ships bound for that place, and happening to speak of a very excentric passenger, who nobody knew, or had heard to utter a sentence of ten words since he came on board. From the description of this extraordinary man's person, the coincidence of time, and many other circumstances, Jenkins was well assured, that in going to China he should trace the steps of his Lord, and was, by the Duke's command, gone out that day to secure a passage in the first ship destined to the Coast; and when his Grace found this lamented son, whose misfortunes he placed to his own account, so unexpectedly restored, there was not a proposal that son could have made him, which, with his whole soul, he

he would not have authorised. The transported Duke did not leave his side an instant, or scarce take his eyes from him, till the Duchefs's visitors were all retired. He then presented them to each other. She received the Marquis more gracefully as her son, than she might have done as her lover, and, surely, when he saluted her as his mother, nature herself could not have furnished so rich a repast of delicate sensations, as those which glowed in the bosom of Lord Greendale. We have nothing to add to the events of this happy evening, only that at the return of Jenkins, the joyful surprise of finding his dear Lord arrived before him, so overpowered the feelings of this faithful domestic, that he actually fainted several times, and, instead of being able to carry his duties to the Marquis, he had the honour of a visit from him, and was fully reinstated in his good opinion, from which Lady Selina's duplicity had almost driven him.

The

The consequence of a personal application from the Marquis to Lord Delborough was even favourable beyond a lover's sanguine expectations : Besides joyfully accepting him as a husband for his niece, he condescended to declare himself sensible of the great honour his sister had done the Viscount ; but at the same time signified his irrevocable decree, never to admit again into his presence a son who, by his indefensible conduct to the woman of his own choice, and the ornament of her sex, had forfeited all pretensions to the appellation of a gentleman, or man of honour. Nothing more passed on the subject, the Marquis not chusing to weaken his own interest by endeavouring to support that of his new relation. On hearing Lord Greendale's intentions of returning to High-Cliff, the Earl pleasantly informed him he might spare himself so fatiguing a journey, for he had written to his niece and her friend, that he should expect to see them
in

in town as soon after the receipt of his letter as they could make it convenient, which letter they calculated must have reached the Ladies on the very morning after the Marquis parted from them, so I think, my Lord, added the venerable Peer, you had better stay where you are, and expedite the usual preparations, for I suppose, before I had the honour of this visit, you were pretty well convinced Emely will not make her absence from you longer than necessity requires, and I venture to anticipate her reception of your Lordship in this house, at the expiration of the present or beginning of the next week. Some lover-like remonstrances were made to this sort of negative interdiction, which would infinitely have pleased Emely; but had quite a contrary effect on her uncle, who cried out, "I beg your pardon, my Lord, but these ideas sound very romantic in my ears; they favour too much of Haverville's violence." Oh! continued he,
his

his voice faltering with pity, his eyes flashing with anger, you do not know, my Lord, what a daughter I have lost by — ; but, stopping himself, I will not trouble you with my complaints, when you see, my Louisa, they will be explained to you in her perfections.

Lord Greendale said nothing. What could he say ? This was no time to plead for his sister, and if it had, he would have thought her too unworthy an object for his intercession. Though, in compliance with Lord Delborough's forcible opinion, he had given up his design of going into Wales, he proposed to meet his adorable when she landed at Bristol ; but in this he was also disappointed. On the eve of his leaving town, (a mutual visit having passed between the Duke and the Earl, and matters relative to the projected alliance amicably adjusted,) Colonel Fairfax arrived in St. James's Square. He had encountered

Lord

Lord Haverville and Lady Selina as he was quitting, and they entering the gates of Paris, he had only drawn up to the side of the carriage just long enough to be informed by themselves they were man and wife. He made a half-formed excuse for the abruptness of his adieus, and ordered the postillions to spare neither themselves or horses. At the first post they asked his commands; he answered St. James's-Square, and when at another of those miserable places, they call inns, an old woman came to the door of his carriage to know what refreshment he would have, he answered, Miss Beverly. We can give no further account of his travels, because he could not himself inform us of any other circumstance that happened to him from the moment he heard Louisa was unmarried and unengaged, till that which brought him into the presence of his uncle. If any circumstance could effectually console Lord Delborough for the severity of his disap-

appointment in losing Miss Beverly for his daughter, it was when Colonel Fairfax informed him, that the happiness or misery of his future existence hung on her decision. He put the delighted Peer in mind of the early prepossession he had felt for her when he first saw her in Sir James Archer's carriage, coming to town with the infant sleeping on her bosom. He made a full confession of his increasing passion since that time; but averred, with honourable firmness, he would rather have submitted to all the silent horrors of his fate than have infringed the rights of any other man, much less the son of his dearest benefactor.

Say no more, say no more, Charles, cried his uncle, tears of satisfaction bursting from his eyes, I know you honourable, I believe you a true lover of my Louisa, and if she has not ceased to love and obey me, she shall be your's.

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Encouraged by this goodness, he begged permission to go immediately to the Grange.

No, replied he, bluntly, you shall not have my leave to play the fool, and spoil your fortune ; I must pave your way. Do you suppose she will receive a husband but from my recommendation ? Stay where you are. Both you and Lord Greendale I can perceive are at times too much in the extravagances of Haverville.

Colonel Fairfax asked an explanation of his uncle's reflection on Lord Greendale, and being in a very plain, but perfect, manner informed of every particular event that had laid to, and opened the most brilliant and happy prospects to the darling sister of his heart, all the increase his own sanguine hopes of felicity could receive flowed in upon him through the avenue of her good fortune. Lord Delborough bid him not repine at the restrictions he laid
him

him under, because when his sister came to town, which must be in a few days, he would take them all to his house in the country, and there compleat the two marriages, on the happiness of which he depended for all his future comforts.

When the Colonel retired from his kind uncle, he went immediately and left his name at Angrave House for their Graces and the Marquis called, at his own lodgings, gladdened the heart of old Thomas, and returned to sup *tête à tête* with his best friend in St. James's Square ; but this *tête à tête* was soon converted into a trio by the appearance of the Marquis. He came home soon after the Colonel had been at his door, and the moment he saw the dear name of Fairfax on one of his cards, he sat out to return the visit with as much eagerness as he could have felt for an interview with any human being but Emily, the dear Emily herself ! The meeting between these

future brothers was more than polite, more than friendly; it was affectionate, and the delighted little party did not separate till two in the morning; nor could any persuasions prevail on the old Earl to retire sooner than his young companions. Col. Fairfax requested the Marquis to let him have the honour of attending him the next day to meet the fair travellers, and as he could not conveniently leave town earlier than three in the afternoon, that hour was agreed upon, and Lord Greendale said he would call and take him up in St. James's Square. He was punctual to his appointment; but what were his emotions on driving into the Square, to see a travelling coach at the door, and his friend tenderly assisting to lift out the venerable old angel, Mrs. Lewellen. He did not pull the string to have the door of his own carriage opened, or the step let down; but forcing it with his foot, cleared the wheels at one leap, and by this manœuvre, as she was

getting out, he received in his arms the most deservedly, and the most passionately beloved of her sex ; it was his own Emely, but more beautiful, more enchanting, if that was possible, than when he parted from her !

Extreme gladness is always extremely confused, and sometimes perfectly incoherent. This was now the case, and even Mrs. Lewellen contributed her placid mite to the general completion of joy, by the exquisite sensibility she expressed at seeing her dear Ormond, and still dearer, Emely so near arriving at the very goal of their felicity ; but whilst these good people are distracting themselves, and one another, with a thousand questions, which acquired spirit and eloquence from their very want of meaning, we shall take our opportunity to slip in a sober word or two, just to inform our readers that, when the Earl's letter arrived at the Priory, signifying his very

great impatience for his niece's immediate return, Mrs. Lewellen declared that, by their coming to her, they had stolen away all her old-fashioned pleasures and contentments; that they would carry them away with themselves, and she was determined, though no longer in her own possession, she would go with her treasures. Having taken this resolution, she was not the last in making herself ready, and the journey absolutely commenced the same day, and not more than three hours after Lord Delborough's summons reached the Priory, which also conveyed a peremptory command, that the Ladies should not go to Grafton Street, but be his guest for some months both in town and in the country. Having introduced this little episode, we expected to have found the party more composed, more rational; but now, that we have peeped in upon them, we find they are as distracted as ever, only Colonel Fairfax has taken Mrs. Edwin, or Mrs. Edwin

Edwin has taken Colonel Fairfax (for that matter was settled without our observation) to a speaking distance from the rest of their elated companions, and as they seem talking together quietly enough, we will endeavour, if it is possible in such a bustle, to set down what they are saying. He is telling her that Henry Harvey is at last sensible, that of all the blessings in life, the affections of a lovely, amiable woman is the greatest, and that even riches and an Earldom will have no charms for Henry, unless his Marianna will condescend to share them with him. She looks much surprised, and so indeed are we! What Earldom can he mean? We never before heard such an appendage belonged to Dr. Harvey's family.

Oh! very well, we understand you now, Colonel Fairfax, and so, by her animated countenance, does Mrs. Edwin. He says that Dr. Harvey was in the direct line of

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inheritance

inheritance to the Earldom of Balmerino; that before his son had reached his sixteenth year, he was only the eighth person in succession, which, in his opinion, was tantamount to his being the eighth hundred, and as he is no boaster, he was not accustomed to trouble other people, or himself, with his great connexions.

The Colonel also says, that when six of these lives dropped, whose claim was prior to his friend, one or two in old age, the rest in an infant state, that respectable friend was the most miserable of mankind, and so far from turning his thoughts on worldly grandeur, it was only the hopes of closing his eyes on all its real pains and imaginary pleasures, from which he derived consolation, or expected happiness soon after that period, in which he began to reap the reward of his patient fortitude, in the restoration and reformation of the still beloved source of all his sorrows, there remained
but

but one step between him and greatness, and from the age of the possessor, no chance remained of further bars, to obstruct his entrance to the Peerage; still the doctor was silent; his son was dying, and he determined, if it should court his acceptance, not to embrace it on any other condition, than the recovery of his beloved Henry; his beloved Henry does recover; the last in possession quietly quits the stage of life on the same spot which restored Henry to a new existence; both being at Dejon in pursuit of the same blessing, one failing, one succeeding. Here ends the graceful elegant historian; he delivers a letter into the trembling agitated hand of the most faithful of women, from the most devoted of men, once Henry Harvey, now Lord Allenbee, and he bids her expect him at her feet as soon as the complicated affairs of his father's predecessor are settled; she thanks her dear Colonel, by every possible expression

expression of silent gratitude, for words are not in her power, he joins the company, and she is retired to read, re-read, trace, and re-trace, the dear and well known characters of her Henry. We throw a veil over the remaining part of this memorable day; the language of sadness is impressive, it seizes on the heart, dwells on the memory, and there are no difficulties in the repetition of it; but the expressions of joy are full of unintelligible intricacies, independent of form, and has nothing to do with wisdom.

Lord Delborough's own impatience to see his nephew, in the way of being as happy as the Marquis, and to attach the darling Louisa to his family, made him listen with more than complacency to the Colonel's remonstrances; they stay'd only four days in town, in which time Emely was presented to, and most graciously received, by the Duke and Dutchess of Angrave,

grave, as their future daughter, and Lady Margaret Devero also paid her stately compliments of congratulation. The indefatigable Peer, had already apprised Miss Beverly of his intended return to Delborough Castle, and as she knew Lord Haverville and Lady Selina were gone to the Continent, so far from quitting the neighbourhood, to avoid meeting his father, who she really loved almost with filial affection, she wished and longed for the day, that he had bid her expect him and his party, every one of whom, he particularly mentioned, except his nephew, whose name was entirely omitted; he also informed her of his niece's approaching marriage, and that the Marquis would not return to town without a wife.

The so-much wish'd for day arrived, and by the fault of Colonel Fairfax, or his horse, he pass'd the Grange, in his way to the Castle, a full hour before the rest of

of his company, and as he slackened his pace, being perhaps fatigued with fast riding, to look round him, and admire a beautiful shrubbery at the side of the road, which he knew to be a part of the pleasure grounds belonging to Sir James Archer, he saw two female figures in perspective through the trees, but not being able, at that distance, to distinguish whether they were old or young, handsome or ugly, he fancied his horse had taken up a stone, and dismounting, whilst the groom examined for what it was impossible he should find, the Colonel put himself in such a situation, as very soon to discover, these ladies were no other than Miss Beverly and her sister, arm in arm, with the little dog he had given Louisa, running before them. We hope our readers do not suspect him capable of so much rudeness, or suppose him master of so little politeness, as not to find a way of paying his immediate respects to them. There was no regular admittance
into

into that part of the shrubbery, on the outside of which he had taken his station, but with the velocity of a bird, and the lightness of a mercury, he cleared a high thick fence, and to their great astonishment, presented himself before them; indeed, Louisa was so much surpris'd, that it was a full minute before she could ask him if Lord Delborough and the rest of his party were arrived at the Castle. We cannot possibly tell what conversation afterwards pass'd, because we did not stay to hear it, having so much compassion for the poor horse, that we suddenly left them, to enquire of the groom if it was much hurt, and had the pleasure of being informed, there was nothing in the world the matter with him! The Archers, and their lovely appendage, dined on that day, and supped on that evening, at Delborough Castle, and for forty days afterwards, they did exactly the same thing, only that sometimes, the delighted inhabitants of both houses assembled

bled themselves under the hospitable roof of Sir James. In an intercourse of this domestick sort, it must be allowed, much business of the heart may be accommodated. There are more hours in forty such days, for rational investigation, than are contained in a calender year, when tender attachments take their root, and make their progress in the vortex of dissipation. In consequence of this opinion, we do not hold ourselves liable to a very severe criticism, by announcing, sans apology, that on the forty-first day of their social residence at the Castle and the Grange, four of the most interesting personages in our Drama, received the nuptial benediction, and under the following description, we shall, for the last time, present the whole delighted little groupe to the notice, and we hope, the approbation of our readers.

Lord Delborough consoled for his past disappointments, at peace with all man

and woman kind, except his son; and his son's lady; however, they have the generous Louisa for their advocate; he may be reconciled to his father, but never to himself.

Sir James and Lady Archer gratified and happy in their sister's happiness.

Mrs. Edwin rejoicing in the fortunate fate of Emely, with no distant view of a similar termination to her own.

Mrs. Lewellen blessing, and blessed by all.

Lord Greendale the adoring husband of Emely.

Emely the graceful, modest, endearing wife of her Greendale; there is not in the world another bride and bridegroom, that has a chance in contending with them
for

